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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 273, Vol. 11.

January 19, 1861.

PRICE 6d.
Stamped 7d.

RETRENCHMENT.

A FEW members of the House of Commons have thought it desirable to anticipate the business of the session by addressing to Lord PALMERSTON a letter, containing a general demand for retrenchment. As none of the memorialists have any claim to lead or to represent any section of the House, the expression of their opinions in the newspapers is entitled only to the weight which would attach to the judgment of any private persons of equal intelligence and respectability. The occasion for their extra-Parliamentary interference is not immediately obvious. It would be unfair to assume that they wish to advertise their own economical merits, and they must be well aware that their recommendation would have been urged with greater effect if they had waited for the official statements which will confirm or correct their conjectural calculations. Perhaps they have heard, or assumed, that differences of opinion prevail in the Cabinet, and they may have wished to strengthen Mr. GLADSTONE's efforts to overcome the patriotic scruples of his colleagues. The demonstration is fortunately not formidable enough to derange the equanimity of the Government in its consideration of the various necessities of the public service. If a few members of the rank and file of the Liberal party wish to influence the policy of the country, they ought, if possible, to supply, by the cogency of their arguments, their unavoidable deficiency in personal influence. As the members of the Cabinet are more responsible and better informed, it seems, on the whole, safer to leave the financial initiative where it has been placed by the Constitution. When the condition of public affairs and the wants of the various departments have been fully explained, the House of Commons will have the power of overruling any Ministerial extravagance. In the meantime, demands for abstract reduction of outlay are premature and invidious. Lord PALMERSTON's correspondents are not entitled to claim the merit of superior vigilance because they object to unnecessary expense. All classes of politicians share in their opinion that money should not be wasted, but the question whether any particular expenditure is wasteful can only be determined with reference to each separate case. The omission to provide sufficiently for the safety and welfare of the country is as mischievous an error as the maintenance of superfluous establishments. In private transactions, it is sometimes necessary to cut the coat according to the cloth; but the national income ought to be regulated by the public interests, and consequently the measure may be exactly adapted to the shape.

Although the writer of the Memorial is apparently unskilled in composition, the extreme weakness and confusion of his language represents, with a certain fidelity, the vague meaning which he intends to convey. The remonstrants "cannot but hope that the enormous expenditure of the "current financial year was forced upon the Government "against their will by an unhappy combination of circum- "stances." As every shilling of the enormous expenditure has been deliberately sanctioned by the House of Commons, all members are bound to know the circumstances, unlucky or fortunate, which justified their votes or acquiescence. As it seems absurd to express an *ex post facto* hope that an enormous expenditure was forced on the Government, the memorialists perhaps mean to say that they hope it was unwelcome. The country at large undoubtedly disliked the increase of taxation, and yet public opinion sanctioned the unanimous determination of the House of Commons to provide at any sacrifice for the national security. The expenditure ought, of course, "to be materially reduced at the "earliest opportunity;" but the occasion and extent of future retrenchments must be determined by the same considerations which justified the outlay. The memorialists insinuate that the expenditure of the past year has been unnecessary,

while they shrink from an assertion which would prove their own neglect of their Parliamentary duties. If the large estimates of 1860 were justifiable and necessary, it is evident that their amount can furnish no reason for a subsequent reduction. Extravagance means trespassing beyond the proper limits, and it has no reference to the space which may be included within them. The special reasons for anticipating a diminished demand on the resources of the country would be better entitled to attention if they were urged at the proper time in the House of Commons. As far as the statements of the memorial are well founded, the interference with the functions of the Government was evidently unnecessary. Lord PALMERSTON is well aware that the Chinese war is at an end, and he will assuredly not ask Parliament to furnish him with supplies for another campaign. Unfortunately, however, he will have to explain that the expenses of the war are not fully paid, and that it will be necessary to provide for the difference between the actual outlay and the votes of last session. The volunteer economists will probably not object to the payment of debt, although they protest in general terms against the inevitable outlay. It will also be necessary to pay the expenses of the troops who are still quartered on Chinese territory, and there is no reason to suppose that the Government will ask a larger sum for the purpose than the requisite cost of the operations. As the establishments of the army and navy were not increased for the purposes of the war, there is no reason to expect that they will be reduced on the return of peace.

It is in some sense true that the present state of foreign relations encourages a hope of continued peace, and, as far as England is concerned, the favourable prospect is almost wholly due to the preparations which have made hostile aggression hopeless. The great expenditure of the last year was mainly occasioned by the general conviction that the country had previously been insecure, and it is difficult to say whether a disarmament following immediately on the attainment of a safer condition would be more remarkable for inconsistency or for extravagance. The army is barely sufficient for its duties, and the fleet which has undergone a material renovation is not yet manned up to the complement which had been sanctioned by Parliament. With the exception of the remote war in China, there were no military operations in progress or contemplation when the present establishments were voted. It is for the memorialists to explain why a smaller force is sufficient for the national protection in 1861 than in 1860. It is absurd to talk of "the establishment of the constitutional rule of Victor "EMMANUEL over the Peninsula" as a reason for expecting peace. There is not the smallest chance of the extension of the Italian monarchy over the whole of the Peninsula except by force of arms, and the memorialists are well aware that a great war is on this account expected to commence in the spring. A year ago, when the Sicilian and Neapolitan revolution had not even commenced, there was far more reason to expect the maintenance of peace in Italy. Then, as now, England was neutral, and the policy of France was obscure and suspicious.

Students of the art of embodying fallacies in cumbrous phraseology may profitably imitate the sentence which probably contains the gist of the memorial. "Above all, "our relations with France have become decidedly amicable, "having obtained the guarantee of a commercial treaty "favourable to the interests of both countries, and being "made still more friendly by the abolition, on the part of "the EMPEROR, of the passport system in France, especially "on behalf of the subjects of her MAJESTY." It is undesirable to use in a public document the slipslop style of an advertising tailor, but the literary demerits of the argument are the least of its defects. Two months before our "de-

"cidedly amicable relations" acquired the guarantee of the commercial treaty, every semi-official journal in France was employed in stirring up popular feeling against England. In several instances, similar demonstrations have been followed by action, and it was impossible to know whether the ruler who had just carried an unprovoked war to a conclusion might not be equally serious in the menaces which he stimulated and encouraged. Within one month after Mr. GLADSTONE'S announcement that the treaty was a pledge of peace and friendship, the Emperor NAPOLEON, in defiance of English protests, annexed two adjacent provinces on pretexts which were even more alarming than his acts. At this moment, the French armaments are carried on on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, and both in Italy and in Syria French troops are seconding a policy which is directly opposed to the wishes of the English Government. There is no immediate risk of an actual rupture with France, and so long as the English coasts are secure from invasion, there will be little danger of war; but the neglect of the national defences would immediately revive the uneasiness which has been scarcely allayed. The growth of commerce will by degrees furnish an independent motive for maintaining peace, but England is firmly resolved not to depend for safety on the professions, or even on the inclinations, of any foreign potentate.

It is not true that retrenchment, however desirable in itself, furnishes "the only method of meeting the financial exigencies of the State." It would be highly beneficial to the country to provide for its wants more cheaply; but a financial equilibrium might be maintained even with an increased expenditure. Reductions may probably be effected by a careful investigation of details, but retrenchment on a large scale ought to be attempted only on mature consideration. The civil contingencies will continue to increase, and the memorialists are perhaps scarcely in earnest when they propose to reduce them. It is in dealing with the army, the navy, and the fortifications that they hope to play into the hands of Mr. GLADSTONE, if Mr. GLADSTONE still retains the opinions which he expressed a year ago.

THE EXTRADITION CASE.

THE granting of a *habeas corpus* for the removal of the fugitive slave, ANDERSON, will probably extricate this country from a position of considerable difficulty. We have watched with much interest, and not without some disappointment, the course which opinion has taken here upon the case. All are agreed that a treaty which binds us (if it does really bind us) to deliver up a man whom we consider innocent to be burned alive, in due form of law under the savage code of Missouri, is a disgrace to the diplomacy which could have sanctioned so horrible a compact. More than this, we have it on the clearest evidence that nothing could have been further from the intention of the Government which negotiated the treaty than to subject British Courts to a demand so monstrous as that to which the majority of the Canadian judges have felt themselves bound to submit. When this very treaty was under discussion in Parliament, the difficulties which might arise out of the Slavery-laws of several of the United States were urged as objections to entering into any extradition treaty with countries whose criminal law was, in some respects, so repugnant to our ideas of justice; and these objections were only silenced by a declaration that the instrument under discussion left us free to judge of the character of the offences charged, and that no Court could give it a construction which would render it an instrument of cruelty in the hands of slaveholders. This view was accepted; and now, after nearly twenty years, the very interpretation which was pronounced absurd and impossible has been put upon the terms of the treaty; and, so far as the Court of Queen's Bench in Canada is concerned, an innocent man is liable to suffer a cruel death through the blunders of British diplomatists and the pedantry of British law.

Clearly, we never meant to enter into an engagement such as the Canadian judges profess to find in the treaty, and we are satisfied that the error lies, not with the politicians who framed it, but with the Court which has applied the narrowest and most technical reasoning to pervert the natural meaning of the language it contains. The feeling in Canada, no less than in England, is so adverse to what is pronounced to be the legal construction of this document, that it seems to have been very generally assumed that, if there had been any loophole for escape, the Canadian Court could not have sanc-

tioned the sacrifice of the unfortunate man who has fled for refuge to British territory. A little warping of the strict law in the opposite direction would have been intelligible, but it was supposed to be impossible that the judges of a State which abhors slavery could err by showing too great a deference to the inhuman laws of the Slave States of America. This natural assumption has probably had much more to do with the acquiescence of the English public in the decision than the force of Chief Justice ROBINSON'S reasoning. The *Times*, in its off-hand way, at once pronounced that there was no logical escape from the conclusion of the majority of the provincial Court, and, with an audacity worthy of an American State, suggested that we ought to cut the knot which we could not unravel, and refuse point blank, if need be, to perform the obligations which we had undertaken. The dilemma between the inhumanity of sacrificing an innocent man and the flagrant breach of faith which would be involved in a refusal to perform the odious duty we are supposed to have assumed, would certainly not be pleasant; and however much we should be horrified if the judgment already passed were carried into effect, it would be scarcely less disgraceful if England were openly to declare herself a breaker of treaties whenever they happen to jar with her views of what is right and just.

Happily, we can escape both horns of the dilemma if the judgment of the Canadian Court should prove to be wrong in law; and that it is so is, we believe, the growing conviction of English lawyers. Some of the main grounds for this opinion were forcibly urged in an article which appeared in the *Examiner* of last week, where the argument is carried as far as this—that the Canadian Court had no right to inquire whether ANDERSON was a slave or a freeman, but was bound to treat the case precisely as if the affray had taken place on Canadian ground. If this view is correct, it would follow that a thief who killed an American constable in effecting his escape would not be guilty of murder within the meaning of the treaty, because it is said that the case is to be judged as if the facts had occurred on Canadian ground; and the mere killing of an American constable in an affray in Canada would not be murder. This is going rather far, though the words of the treaty may perhaps be read in this sense. But without going this length, there is a conclusive answer to the reasoning of Chief Justice ROBINSON. The treaty provides for the apprehension and extradition of any person charged with committing, in any of the United States of America, murder, piracy, arson, robbery, or forgery. In order to justify the apprehension of the accused, the evidence of criminality must be such as, according to the law of the place where the fugitive is found—which is, in this instance, the law of Canada—would justify his commitment for trial if the crime had been there committed. The treaty goes on to provide, that the alleged criminal shall be brought before the judge who has directed his apprehension, and that if, on the hearing of the case, the evidence be deemed sufficient by law to sustain the charge according to the laws of Canada, certain formalities are to be gone through, the result of which would be the surrender of the prisoner to the proper authorities of the United States, or of any of such States who may make a requisition for the purpose.

The questions, therefore, which had to be tried were, first, whether the evidence adduced would have justified a commitment for murder if the alleged crime had been committed in Canada; and secondly, whether the evidence sufficed by law to sustain the charge according to the laws of Canada. It is quite plain, on the face of the treaty, that we have not undertaken to surrender every prisoner who is proved to be guilty of murder according to the laws of Missouri. It is true it would be possible, by straining the language of the treaty, to read it as if it said—"The Courts of Canada are to take their definition of murder from the law of the country where the offence may be committed. They are then to apply their own laws of evidence to the inquiry whether murder, so understood, has been committed. If they are satisfied that it has, they are bound to give up the criminal, even though the facts proved would not amount to murder, or to any crime at all, according to Canadian law." The logical result of this construction would be the surrender of the slave. But it is not necessary to dwell on the obvious reasons for rejecting this non-natural interpretation, because Chief Justice ROBINSON himself expressly abandons this position, and, in doing so, gives up, as it seems to us, the only assumption on which his conclusion could logically rest. He says, that "if it were the law of Missouri that every intentional killing by a slave of his master, however sudden,

"should be held to be murder, without regard to the provocation offered, or to the necessity of self-defence against 'mortal injury,' he should not feel bound, in deference to such a principle, to surrender a fugitive slave charged with murder according to this local law. He declines, in short, to accept absolutely and unconditionally, for the purposes of the treaty, any definition which the reclaiming State may give to the offence of murder. Neither, on the other hand, will he take the law of Canada as his guide, and say that the offence is murder or not murder, precisely as it would have been if the fight had been on the Canadian side of the border. We are not sure that this last is not the soundest, as it certainly is the simplest, construction of the treaty; but the language is not very satisfactory. Perhaps something intermediate to these two extreme constructions may be the true sense of the instrument. Even if it be so, the position which Chief Justice ROBINSON has assumed appears to us wholly untenable. His reasoning reduces itself to this:—"According to our law, homicide 'committed in resistance to lawful authority is murder. The authority by which DIGGES attempted to capture ANDERSON was unquestionably lawful by the law of Missouri, where the struggle took place. Although we are not bound to go to the local law for our definition of murder, we are bound to look to it to ascertain whether DIGGES was invested with lawful authority. We find that he was; and then we apply to this ascertained fact our own definition of murder, according to which the slave, though 'morally justified in the eye of our law, is nevertheless 'guilty of the crime of murder.'"

The fallacy of this argument is almost too obvious to need refutation. It is not true, in the large sense in which the assertion is made, that killing in resistance to lawful authority is murder. In a certain sense it is true; but the steps by which the law has arrived at this general rule show the qualifications which must be attached to it. The common law does not include in its definition of murder a number of categories, of which one is "killing in resistance to lawful authority." It defines murder simply as killing with malice aforethought. On every charge of murder two facts have to be established—the homicide and the malice. The killing can only be proved by express evidence—the malice may either be proved by testimony or presumed from circumstances. When a man knowingly resists capture under the authority of our own laws, our Courts, necessarily assuming the law of their own country to be rightful, presume, from the fact of resistance, the existence of malice; and if a struggle ensue, in which the fugitive kills his pursuer, the death and the malice are both established, and the crime amounts to murder.

The real question, therefore, in the Canadian case was this—Will British law presume malice (in the sense in which it forms an essential ingredient in the crime of murder) in every or in any case of resistance to the constituted authority of a foreign country? We doubt whether it ought to do so in any case, for if it does, it can only be by a species of comity by virtue of which the Courts of one country are in the habit of respecting the laws of another in which transactions under consideration may have occurred. It is by no means clear that any such comity has ever before been recognised in criminal cases, and there are strong reasons, of which the case of ANDERSON is a forcible illustration, why no such rule should be established. But this at least is clear—that our deference to the *lex loci* cannot possibly be carried further in criminal than in civil questions. Now there is a perfectly well-understood limit to the authority allowed in our Courts to foreign law. So far as the law of the place where a transaction occurs, or the judgment of a Court where a question is decided, is not repugnant to our notions of natural justice and morality, to that extent we recognise and enforce it, but no further. Two examples will show the working of this principle. As a general rule, we recognise the validity of marriages if valid by the law of the place of celebration; but if that law sanctions a union which we deem incestuous, we treat the marriage as a mere nullity. It is condemned by our code of morality, and therefore we hold it void. So, again, as a rule, our Courts are bound by the judgments of a competent foreign Court having jurisdiction over the matter in dispute, and will no more reopen the contest than if the first decision had been by one of our own tribunals. But if the foreign law allows a cause to be decided without giving the parties to it a fair opportunity of being heard, our Courts laugh at the pedantry which would say that a judgment so obtained, being good by the local law, must be recognised by ours, and would regard it as a nullity on the plain

ground that no comity can require us to respect the decision of a Court whose procedure, lawful though it may be, is repugnant to our views of natural justice.

Now to apply this to the extradition case. We will concede, for argument's sake, and for that only, that we are bound to pay the same sort of deference to foreign law in applying our definitions of crime under extradition treaties as we are in the habit of doing in civil disputes. It will follow that, inasmuch as resistance to lawful British authority affords a presumption of malice in our own country, the same presumption must arise from resistance in a foreign country to the lawful authorities under the local law. This presumption we are bound to raise in every case where the presumption itself and the alleged authority from which it is to be derived are not contrary to our notions of natural justice. We do not assert this as a perfectly clear principle, but we have no hesitation in saying, that it is the very utmost length to which we can carry our deference to foreign law and foreign institutions, without departing from the universal rules of international law, and, what is much worse, from the dictates of natural justice. On this principle, how can it be said, in a British Court, that the authority which the fugitive slave resisted was lawful? True, it was lawful, by the iniquitous law of Missouri, for any white man to capture a slave flying from his master; but this is an enactment which the law, as much as the public opinion, of this country regards with abhorrence; and it is inconceivable that any Court should have held itself bound to recognise such an authority as lawful. To do so is not less monstrous than to accept the definition of murder which even Chief Justice ROBINSON professed himself willing to reject. And yet this assumption that we are bound to look to the law of Missouri to see whether the slain man was in the exercise of lawful authority—no matter how wicked may be the law which gave that authority—is the sole support of the ingenious reasoning by which the life of the unhappy fugitive has been imperilled. Clearly, it was the duty of the Canadian Court to satisfy itself that ANDERSON had been guilty of killing with malice prepense, and not to found any presumption on the alleged legality of an attempt at capture, which was, according to our notions, a gross violation of right. The reasoning of Chief Justice ROBINSON is neither more nor less than this. DIGGES was authorized by the law of Missouri to commit what in our estimation was a crime. We hold resistance to our own lawful and righteous authorities to be an offence so grave as to give to homicide the quality of murder. Therefore we are bound to hold resistance to the criminal authority given by a foreign law to be an offence of the same nature, and to involve the same terrible consequences. This is poor sophistry to justify the surrender of a man who has but exercised his natural right of self-defence—so poor that we have not the smallest doubt that the law will open a door for ANDERSON'S release without driving England to the shameful necessity of repudiating a solemn contract.

ITALY.

AS the French fleet is to leave Gaeta this day, the lingering war in Southern Italy is virtually terminated. If FRANCIS II. were a hero, instead of a Neapolitan Bourbon, he would still find it impossible to defend a corner of his former dominions, now that he is without a hope of relief or reinforcement. The Italian Government will gladly terminate the most invidious and unsatisfactory portion of its task. It was necessary to complete and to direct the revolution, although VICTOR EMMANUEL had no personal or diplomatic quarrel with his nephew. Having forfeited his Throne by a criminal combination of violence and imbecility, the EX-KING became, as a pretender, unavoidably hostile to the actual Government which had taken his place. The responsibility for all that has happened lies with the deposed Sovereign and with his besotted advisers, for only a few months earlier he might have secured himself against dethronement by the restoration of constitutional government, and by the adoption of the national cause. GARIBALDI only gave the decisive push which overthrew the tottering fabric; but even if FRANCIS II. had deserved his fate less fully, the duty of VICTOR EMMANUEL was clear. King of one-half of Italy, he was bound, when he saw the throne of Naples and Sicily vacant, to seize the opportunity of creating a national Monarchy, and still more especially he was called upon to exclude foreign intruders and rival systems of government. The assailants of his character

generally found their attacks on a vague assumption that the family of Princes is bound together by separate and exclusive relations. The head of the House of SAVOY is said to have behaved with less than kingly loyalty to the ESTES of Modena, to the HAPSBURG-LORRAINES of Tuscany, and to the BOURBONS of Parma and of Naples; yet it was his duty to regard the interests of the Italian people, who have successively repudiated their provincial dynasties in favour of a common Sovereign. The best patriots of Italy—MANIN, GARIBALDI, and PALLAVICINI—determined, years before the Lombard war, that they would rest their hopes of unity and independence on Piedmont. If the KING had been deaf to their invitation, their principles would have involved the effort to destroy his Government also, as an obstacle to their great design. The EGBERTS and the ETHELWOLDS of English history would perhaps have satisfied courtly etiquette more fully if they had carefully abstained from transgressing the limits of their respective dominions; but, after all, the British Empire is a sufficient equivalent for the unhappy dissolution of the Heptarchy. Italians fail to understand why all Frenchmen and a few English theorists should condemn their country to a perpetual Heptarchy, with a bishopric in place of one of the kingdoms. The end which they propose to themselves seems sufficient to justify the means by which alone it can be attained. If there is to be a kingdom of Italy, it must have a King, in the person either of VICTOR EMMANUEL or of some ruler with far weaker pretensions to the dignity. It was impossible to reconcile his acceptance of the Crown with the conventional courtesies which might, in ordinary circumstances, have been due to the Kent and Northumbria and East Anglia of Italy. The petty Princes were doomed from the beginning of the Italian movement; but the King of NAPLES might have substituted a duality of Governments for the more complete project of zealous patriots. Fortunately for the country, he rejected all compromise till it was too late; and the dynasty which profits by his folly enters on the succession without a moral flaw in its title. The Emperor of the FRENCH has at last recognised, to some extent, the right of Italy by withdrawing the protection which he had long afforded to the Royal Pretender.

The task of the Italian Government is by no means easy, though the hopelessness of its great undertaking is exaggerated by unfriendly observers. If half a century of the vilest misgovernment had failed to demoralize Sicily and Naples, it would be difficult to understand why the best Constitution should be preferred to the most incapable despotism. The FERDINANDS and FRANCISES have directly inculcated the duty of indolence, of superstition, and of indifference to public affairs, and they have still more effectually taught the population to believe that law and authority are their natural enemies. The Sicilians, perhaps, can yet scarcely understand that official control can be exercised for public and beneficial purposes, and accordingly they mutiny against the Royal Commissioners in the name of GARIBALDI, or on the pretext of asserting their local rights. The contrast between their conduct and the manly loyalty of the Central Italians represents the difference in civilization between Tuscany and Sicily. It would be absurd to despair on the first experience of difficulties which were generally expected to occur. Firm administration will gradually create habits of order and obedience, and participation in an enterprise of common interest will tend to obliterate local jealousies. The agitators who promote riot and anarchy are not the real leaders of the people. The mob of Palermo may perhaps dream of insular independence, but all serious politicians understand that municipal freedom can only be maintained by national union. It is fortunate that Sicily at least contains no partisans either of BOURBON or of MURAT.

If peace were to continue, the regular army would have leisure to enforce order in the provinces which are at present disturbed, but it will probably be thought that internal dissension furnishes an additional argument for foreign war. The Sicilian malcontents would be ashamed to oppose their Government when it was obvious that their hostility created a diversion in favour of the Austrian enemy. The contingent which their country would supply to the Italian army would furnish a school of discipline and of national loyalty for all the youth of the island. The approaching termination of the siege of Gaeta has been justly regarded by the Austrians as a signal for the commencement of the impending war. The season for operations is rapidly approaching, and GARIBALDI is believed to be preparing for another adventurous campaign. A still more important encouragement

is supplied by the delays which still occur in the pacification of Hungary. The Government of Vienna, daily enlarging its concessions, has not yet understood that there is no compromise possible, short of the re-establishment of the Constitution. The county assemblies have in some instances renewed their functions, and the Diet will shortly meet, but the EMPEROR has not yet determined to acquiesce in the only condition on which it is possible that he should ever have a party on his side. All the acts of his reign must be condemned as illegal and void, or must be expressly ratified, at the choice of the Diet. Hungary has never yet accepted the abdication of FERDINAND, and until FRANCIS JOSEPH has been crowned on the usual terms, he will be practically and legally regarded only as a *de facto* usurper. It is perhaps still possible that he might satisfy the Conservative party by admitting the control of the Diet over war and finance, through the agency of a responsible Minister. There would remain the followers of KOSSUTH, the allies of GARIBALDI, and the large section of the Hungarian nation which utterly disbelieves in Austrian good faith. If the discussion is prolonged two or three months longer, the dynastic party will probably be compelled to join the armed opposition.

The success of the Italian attack on Venetia will probably depend on the state of affairs on the East of the Adriatic. It is said that the fortresses of the Quadrilateral are fully armed and provisioned, and the garrison is undoubtedly numerous and disciplined. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is reputed to be the best officer in the Austrian service, and the exposures which followed the recent campaign have probably checked inefficiency and fraud. With a far smaller force, RADEZKY was able to delay the advance of CHARLES ALBERT until his reinforcements enabled him once more to resume the offensive. The King of ITALY may perhaps be able to attack the enemy with equal numbers, but it is difficult to believe that he can reduce any of the great fortresses in the presence of BENEDEK's army. The defection of the Hungarian troops, coinciding with a national insurrection, would reverse all the conditions of the struggle. The Italians wish to conduct the war only with Hungarian aid, but they probably rely, in case of reverse, on the unwillingness of France to allow the return of the Austrians to Milan. Their greatest danger perhaps consists in the dependence on French protection which might be the result of failure and defeat. If their enterprise is successful, they may safely set foreign friends and enemies at defiance. It is not altogether disadvantageous that a rising State should attain independence and greatness by a prolonged struggle. The Italian nation has, within two years, commenced a history of its own, no longer frittered and split up into separate provincial narratives. The conquest of Venetia would provide materials for that common pride and consciousness which, more effectually than any other condition, secures the unity of a nation.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

THE American Republicans naturally shut their eyes to the magnitude of the crisis which has resulted from their recent triumph. Their leaders assure them either that the disruption of the Union is temporary, or that it will be the duty of the Federal authorities to preserve it by force. At the same time, they are willing to avert the evil which they affect to disregard, at the cost of any reasonable concession; yet, if the present difficulty were overcome, the collision must recur, or the Republican party must abandon its aims and dissolve its organization. It would have been absurd and impossible to encounter the Democrats on any smaller issue than that which was decided by Mr. LINCOLN's election. The majority of the Northern population were determined that the Federal power should no longer be employed for the extension of slavery; and if their success is incompatible with the maintenance of the Union, they must either renounce their principles or acquiesce in the consequences of their victory. It is not surprising that they shrink from either alternative as long as it is possible to postpone their choice; but it will scarcely be possible to keep up a pretended incredulity while the Southern States are successively seceding. No party is inclined to acknowledge the authorship of a great political misfortune; but the Republicans might take higher ground than in disclaiming their own responsibility for the disruption. The chronic antagonism between the North and South was not created by their efforts, although their success may have brought it to a head. It was undoubtedly right to resent the fraud and violence practised by

the Missouri slaveholders in Kansas, and to overthrow the dominant party at Washington which protected the wrongdoers. It was impossible to tolerate the assumption that the Federal allegiance of the Slave States depended on the continuance of the Democrats in office. In this, as in other instances, the proximate agents of a calamitous change may have been justified when they precipitated an inevitable revolution. The Republicans have often shown themselves wanting in wisdom and in honesty, and in their foreign relations they have less claim even than their rivals to the goodwill of Englishmen; but if American institutions had any soundness or reality, it was impossible that an anti-slavery party should not eventually compete for predominance in the Union. The seceding States are perhaps convinced that a permanent compromise is impossible, and they are firmly resolved to show that they are themselves thoroughly in earnest. Their irritation will not be lessened by Mr. SEWARD's affected disbelief in the seriousness of their purpose.

The question whether coercion may be lawfully employed possesses little practical importance. Constitutional jurisprudence breaks down in America, like international law in Italy. The litigants are too powerful, and the interests at stake are too vast for the limits of maxims founded on theory or on precedent. In general, it may be said that any permanent political organization may lawfully be kept together by the force which it supplies. Kingdoms and Republics exist, partly by the voluntary consent of subjects or citizens, and also, in no small degree, by virtue of the certainty that seceders will be liable to the penalty of treason. Facility of divorce weakens the motive for patience and conciliation which is furnished by an inexorable and lifelong marriage; but when separation has actually taken place, it is not easy to devise a practical remedy. General JACKSON, with public opinion on his side, and sufficient force at his disposal, was probably justified in threatening to hang the first South Carolina patriot who ventured on an overt act of nullification. The menace was found sufficient to preserve the Union for twenty years; and, under similar circumstances, Mr. LINCOLN might profitably imitate his Democratic predecessor. At present, the energetic professions which are published in his name are not likely to disturb the nerves of the seceders. The Federal Government has no standing army which could conquer and occupy a single State, and the Northern population will be by no means disposed to undertake a crusade for the conquest of the South. It is not less material that the Constitution provides no machinery for the government of a disaffected province. If the people of South Carolina were defeated, they would still retain the absolute control of their own affairs; and it would be impossible to compel them to co-operate in the general administration of the Union. Mr. BUCHANAN may have been too ready to relax the federal bond, in the hope of preserving it from actual rupture; but his tenderness to the seceders will furnish his successor with an excuse for abstaining from impossible attempts at coercion.

The Southern States are not without a plausible logic of their own, although their arguments would produce little effect unless their own strength secured them from interference. The Convention of South Carolina has copied, with laudable accuracy, the phrases which were used to justify the American Rebellion, and the words seem equally appropriate to either occasion. If a portion of a kingdom may declare itself independent on the pretext that the Government has failed in its duty, it is difficult to deny to the citizens of a Federal Republic the same convenient privilege. The Declaration of Independence was justified by success; and the Sovereign States which emerged from the insurgent colonies may claim still more plausibly a right of separate action. The technical facilities for secession are even more perfect than the constitutional excuses, for the Federal Constitution was established by an ordinance which the authority which enacted it now proceeds to repeal. The separation from England was defended on the ground that an imaginary social compact had been violated. The Constitution which has, according to the seceders, been disregarded in Northern legislation, has the advantage of not being a fiction. In both cases the result depends, not on verbal arguments, but on the material relations of the parties in the quarrel. England might, but for the ineptitude of statesmen and generals, have suppressed the rebellion by force, but it would have been impossible to govern a great and discontented population with the Atlantic between. The shameful failure of the Imperial arms only accelerated the separation which was

otherwise certain and destined to be final. The Slave States form a community large enough to exist in permanent independence, unless they find it their interest to revive the Union, or to form a new federative system.

Their power and their consequent right to live apart are more intelligible than the expediency of their secession. To European understandings, it seems that all the grievances which they denounce will be aggravated by separation. The Free States protected them against all foreign interference, and guaranteed them against the possibility of a servile war. The Northern Senators were never so eloquent and warlike as when an English cruiser was supposed to have embarrassed the operations of a slaver. The flag of South Carolina, or even of a Southern Union, may, if the disunion is finally accomplished, excite no sympathy in Massachusetts. The Fugitive Slave-law will cease to exist in terms as well as in practice, and every runaway will find safety as soon as he contrives to cross the Ohio. It is true that, in the mean time, trade will be freed from protective duties imposed for the benefit of Northern manufactures; but the Customs line which must necessarily be established on the inland frontier will involve inconveniences utterly disproportioned to the advantage of diminished duties. It is probably true that private and selfish interests or calculations have mainly stimulated the clamour for disruption. The poorer whites of the South hope to obtain negroes more cheaply by a revival of the Slave-trade, and it is not impossible that some planters, like many zealous patriots at the Revolution, may wish to repudiate their debts to capitalists whom they will for that purpose convert into foreigners. The great slaveholders have often been accused of managing the policy of their respective States with an exclusive regard to their personal interest; but in the present crisis those who wish to possess slaves have perhaps taken the lead of the actual proprietors. On the whole, it seems likely that secession will be discovered to be an economic mistake; and if the South finds that it has lost rather than gained by the rupture, the quarrel, after it has been carried to extremity, will probably be patched up by some ostensible compromise. There is no danger of hesitation or opposition on the part of the North. Americans will be grievously vexed by the partial failure of their prophecies, and the compulsory suspension of their habitual boasts. If the disruption is final, Manifest Destiny has broken faith with her votaries; nor will it be possible to rely on the permanence of the residuary Federation. The Constitution was admirable in its adaptability to territorial expansion, but the flaw which has been discovered in its elasticity proves that it is imperfect and mortal. A return of the malcontent States into the bosom of the Union would go far to justify the faith which has hitherto been inseparable from American patriotism.

THE TAE-PING LETTER.

LET the Jews' Conversion Society believe if it pleases that the recently published letter to Lord ELGIN from the Chief of the Tae-Pings is authentic. It requires a mind perverted by the habitual perusal of missionary reports to put faith in a document which bears more external and internal marks of its spurious origin than any figment of modern times. We imagine there is not the slightest doubt that this paper—written, we dare say, in very choice Chinese—was dictated to the person in whose name it comes, if, indeed, it was as much as dictated, by the American Missionary who rejoices in a name ending with the national and highly characteristic termination, "sing-sang." The writer has not been able to refrain from naming himself, "LO-HOW-CHUEN-SING-SANG," and commemorating his influence with the Tae-Ping Chief; and, in the pride of authorship, he has appended the well-known American formula, "The Washington Union, the Times, and some paper in Paris, please copy." The indirect evidence corroborates the direct. The writer's knowledge that the weaknesses of the persons whom he is addressing are religion and trade has already been pointed at by other critics as suspicious, and it may be added that the familiarity with Anglo-Saxon character which he betrays is indicative rather of an American than of an English pen. The American goes in for the Authorized Version and the almighty dollar. An English counterfeiter would have appealed to the same tender spots in the British bosom, but he would never have forgotten to allude to other items of the Briton's creed—say, the heroism of the British Lion, the wickedness of slavery, the virtues of Queen VICTORIA, or the futility of passports.

It is wearisome to have to describe over and over again the results of the genuine testimony we possess as to the nature of the Tae-Ping religion. It is a religion into which Christian doctrine unquestionably enters, but in which the Christianity bears the smallest possible proportion to a set of ideas which are thoroughly and intensely Chinese. Its early history has a very strong resemblance to that of Mormonism. JOE SMITH, a lad of weak principles and half-crazed brain, came into possession of the manuscript of a novel relating to Israelitish life which had never found a publisher, and out of its story he manufactured the Book of Mormon, which, welded to the Christian Scriptures, makes up the Bible of Mormonism. In much the same way, one of the innumerable secret societies which have existed in China since the establishment of the reigning dynasty came in contact with a summary of Christian faith prepared in Chinese by some Protestant missionary. The book contained probably the Ten Commandments and the Creed, and the New Testament history in an abbreviated form; and these are the elements which, combined with a vast assemblage of notions which are not to be found out of China, appear to compose the faith of the Tae-Pings. The parallel we have instituted shows the relation which this Chinese religion is likely to bear to the entire Christian Creed. JOE SMITH's forgeries added but a single book to the Christian records, and yet the effect has been utterly to deprave the theory and practice of his unfortunate disciples. The Tae-Pings possess but the smallest fraction of Christianity, which it is the merest folly to suppose capable of mingling with the rest of their ideas so as to produce a compound of tolerable purity. We are not without information as to the monstrosities resulting from the admixture. There has existed for ages in China a confusion between the Divinity and the Emperor. The "Son of Heaven," applied to the ruler of the Empire, is not a mere phrase of compliment or adulation; it is the index of a view which has worked itself into the language and the law of the whole country. Now this assumption, radically opposed to the first principles of Christian philosophy, makes its appearance in the religion of the Tae-Pings. The first two Persons of the Trinity may be thought to be the same in both creeds—we put it thus under reserve, since to some even this admission may seem offensive; but the Third Person with the Tae-Pings is unquestionably the chieftain who styles himself the Heavenly Younger Brother, the supposed descendant of the dethroned Mings. Here, therefore, reappears the usual Chinese identification of the Emperor with the Deity, described in phraseology which at most faintly resembles the theological language of Western Europe; nor have we the least doubt that, if the Tae-Pings received the "further instruction" which the letter to Lord ELGIN requests, this strange doctrine would be the last to be uprooted. It is, in fact, the theoretical basis of authority in the whole Chinese Empire. The immense distance between the Tae-Ping faith and ours is further indicated by its theory of propagandism. It is, indeed, worse than useless to deny, as was done by even respectable writers during the Indian mutiny, that all forms of Christianity have had sincere adherents who wished and tried to diffuse them by the sword. But forcible proselytism is too obviously alien to the teaching of the New Testament to have ever been long in credit with the highest natures of any age. It is not thus with the Tae-Pings. The extermination of dissidents seems to be the great article of their creed, just as it is the fundamental tenet of Chinese political philosophy. On the one hand, all Chinese morality is based on obedience to constituted authority; on the other, in China, as in most Eastern countries, immemorial despotism, by robbing life of variety, has robbed it of its value, and has rendered the living careless of death. The result is that it is impossible to teach a Chinese that there is anything shocking in the massacre of millions on the ground of a difference of opinion as to the source of political authority.

The letter to Lord ELGIN makes no allusion, or the very faintest, to the distinctive points of the Tae-Ping faith. It mentions the Heavenly Younger Brother, but says nothing of his claims. It is perfectly silent as to the bloodshed which he is perpetrating or projecting. These omissions characterize almost all reports on the subject received from Protestant missionaries in China; but, though blameable, they are not culpable in the same degree. We cannot quarrel with the European and American teachers of Christianity for hoping too sanguinely that the speculative errors of the Tae-Pings will be removed by "further in-

struction," but they are deeply censurable for their silence on the subject of the Tae-Ping practices. Nobody reading these reports would gather from them the remotest notion that the chieftain whose alliance we are implored to cultivate in the interest of Christianity and civilization is a sanguinary savage who dyes with blood the ground over which he advances. Nobody would imagine that, when the Europeans at Shanghai are asked to refrain from obstructing his attacks, they are in effect required to help him in slaying every man, woman, and child on whom his horde can lay hands. The mode in which the bloody exploits of these ruffians are slurred over is not creditable to the Protestant missionaries. The over-politic evasions of which the Jesuits at Peking were accused in the last century at least admitted of being defended on the ground that they related to merely speculative points. The Jesuits seem to have allowed some erroneous theories to pass without rebuke, and they connived at some superstitions; but there is no evidence that they winked at minor infractions of morality, much less at wholesale slaughter. The emissaries of Exeter Hall are under just the same temptations as they were to palter with principles in order to make a show of results; but it proves a greater obliquity of moral vision to make light of the crimes of the Tae-Pings than to permit the aristocracy of Peking to persist in the adoration of its ancestors. Not even the urgent necessity of finding facts for a thrilling report to a Parent Society in London or Boston will excuse the palliation of misdeeds which are violations of a code that is older than Christianity itself.

EASTERN EUROPE.

THROUGHOUT a large portion of Europe revolutions are obviously being prepared, and everywhere those who purpose to take part in the coming change appear to be guided by the same spirit of caution and calculation. Revolutions are made in a totally different way from the blundering and coarse method of former times. Now, the revolutionary party does not waste its strength in secret conspiracies or isolated outbreaks. It coheres, it obeys the orders of guiding minds, it associates itself with the action and policy of great Powers, it coolly estimates what it will be most profitable for it to do. It makes its way by a quiet assumption of dignity and reality, and wins respect by the claims which it pertinaciously, though temperately, urges. The most singular instances are given every day of the degree in which the promoters of change temper their zeal with discretion, and yet let all the world know how great their zeal is. At Rome, under the eyes of the Sovereign Pontiff, the votes for annexation to Piedmont are collected by a committee; and yet the police cannot succeed in provoking one of those collisions which give an ecclesiastical Government the incongruous pleasure of butchering its subjects on a plausible pretext. Vienna is startled by the advent of numerous tall figures in fur coats and capes, and learns that they are a Polish deputation, come to ask, in the gentlest way, for all that Austria has ever denied Galicia. In the Danubian Principalities, ALEXANDER JOHN (as Prince COUZA is called at home) alternately throws the ægis of his mighty protection over Hungarian conspirators, and then agrees with Russia that this is carrying Rouman hospitality rather too far. The Bulgarians have recognised the truth that, although politically they are not very important, they can always take themselves to a good market as religious converts. If the accounts given of their mental conflicts are true, they appear to have agitated the question of their creed with the utmost calmness, and at last to have decided that, for them, Romanism would be the most paying religion. They are but following the example of the Levantine Greeks, who last year changed their religion to place themselves under French protection. These simple people bring to LOUIS NAPOLEON the acceptance of a new set of dogmas as astute villagers throw bunches of flowers into the carriages of travellers. The gift is not worth much, but it is all the givers have to give. It at least shows that they have calculated, and that this seems to them the best investment of their little all they can make. We ought to do justice to the Bulgarians and Cypriotes, and own that they are far greater adepts in the art of making revolutions than the unreflecting sufferers who, in old days, used to kick against their chains, and, without friends or supporters, rush on to a certain death.

What will be the ultimate issue of the movement in Eastern Europe it is impossible to say; but it is now

more important to attend to what is going on there than to speculate on the future. We in England can hardly understand the indifference which the revolutionary party in Eastern Europe feels for the possession of sufficient political strength to assure real importance and independence. We view, with the feelings natural to citizens of a great nation, the disadvantages attendant on the position of weakly, isolated, petty communities. If Austria breaks up, what is to become, we ask, of Hungary, of Bohemia, and of Galicia? The inhabitants of those countries who wish to dismember Austria do not fear the result. They have vague dreams of a new Empire to be formed some day out of the populations oppressed by Austria and Turkey; but, for the present, they are content to be formed into little powerless States, half connected with each other, but without any weight or definite place in the European Commonwealth. So long as they can get what they want for the moment, rid themselves of German and Turkish officials, escape the burden of a capricious and increasing taxation, and talk their native language when and where they please, they do not trouble themselves about the possible insignificance of the State to which they might chance to belong. But they are not without a definite notion of the means by which they may hope to ward off the great and very obvious danger which threatens them—that of being at once swallowed up by Russia. They know that Russia would watch them with very hungry eyes. But they think that France would keep off the wolf from the fold. They expect to be sheltered by the troops of LOUIS NAPOLEON from the consequences of standing alone. To attract the goodwill, and formally to acknowledge the supremacy of their future protector, some of them offer him, as the first fruits of their obedience, the sacrifice of their religious opinions. Those who have already the good fortune to be of the same creed as the Eldest Son of the Church, count even still more confidently on the sympathies of France. This may be a very brittle reed to lean upon. France is quite as likely to carry the oppressed nationalities into the market, and sell them for a handsome price to Russia, as to uphold their independence against Russian intrigue. But, however mistaken the expectation may be, the fact that this expectation of French protection is prompting the subject populations of Eastern Europe to run the risks of separation from the old and great Powers to which they belong at present, cannot fail to exercise a great influence over the destinies of the Continent.

There can be no doubt that the creation of an independent Principality on the banks of the Danube, through the intervention of France, has been the chief cause of the attitude which these populations have recently assumed. ALEXANDER JOHN presents the spectacle of a real reigning chief who keeps going a little State set in the very jaws of Russia, and who strives, as if his existence depended on it, to make everything around him as French as possible. Not only does he delight to recognise the debt he owes to France, but he brings home to his people by every means how close is the connexion which binds them to their great protector. He lately opened the session at Bucharest, and his speech is an admirable imitation of the addresses which from time to time electrify the Legislative Body of France. Everything is the same, only on such an infinitesimally small scale. Imperial magniloquence can be travestied as well as anything else. ALEXANDER JOHN began his address to the Deputies at Bucharest with a sentence quite worthy of his prototype. "Let us," he said, "be energetic; let us strengthen our country; let us inspire confidence in Europe." This is the mission of Moldo-Wallachia. It is meant to inspire confidence in Europe. "La Moldo-Wallachie, c'est la paix." Perhaps he was as near the truth as his great original ever was, and peace and confidence may be as likely to come from Bucharest as from Paris. But this Lilliputian declaration, however comic in itself, is a sign of something serious. It shows how eagerly French phrases, thoughts, and habits are caught at and imitated in those parts of Europe which have political reasons for daubing themselves with the varnish of French civilization. Nor are ALEXANDER JOHN and his friends to be much blamed for throwing themselves recklessly on the frail chance of French protection. They have very little choice, and France is really the only Power that might perhaps think it worth her while to stand up for their independence. A considerable portion of French society would consider it a debt due from France to protect all those who had trusted her. There is only one party now left in France with anything like strength, and that is the Revolutionary party. This party, for the moment,

cares much more for revolutions abroad than for revolutions at home; and the EMPEROR is probably aware of the danger of completely breaking with it and of instilling into it the conviction that he is altogether an incumbrance in its path. There is, therefore, a possibility that in the event of any great movement in Eastern Europe making itself felt, the strength of France, either in diplomacy or arms, might be exerted more even than its EMPEROR would himself wish, on behalf of nationalities headed by men who know so well how to ape France, and who can talk as glibly as if they lived in the Tuileries about inspiring confidence in Europe.

Austria, of course, is the Power most immediately menaced by these outlying friends of France; and the recent proceedings of the Gallicians show, more clearly, perhaps, even than what has been going on in Hungary, how enormous are the difficulties with which Austria has to contend. The Gallicians own that Baron SCHMERLING is an excellent man, liberal and enlightened; but then they urge he is a German, and the Poles cannot be governed by a German known for his attachment to his country and his countrymen. They claim local independence, and insist on Polish being used in Galicia for all legal and political purposes. They are to be, in fact, an independent body of Poles. Nor do they see their way to supporting Baron SCHMERLING's plan of a central representative assembly at Vienna; for if their representatives came to Vienna, they would not condescend to speak anything but Polish. The difference of languages is an enormous stumbling-block in the way of Austria. Those who, like Baron SCHMERLING, say that one language must prevail, and that German, as the language of the most cultivated people, ought to prevail, may be theoretically right. But the Hungarians and Poles think that talking German is a badge of submission, and they therefore insist on asserting their independence and speaking in their mother-tongue. The Gallicians, if they had complete local independence, might be willing to stay nominally under Austria, were it not that they fear lest the influence justly due to Galicia could not be exercised in a central assembly to which Polish would be unintelligible. The Austrian Government has made some concessions to the Gallician deputation, but the time of concessions has almost passed away now. If anything further were granted, the grant would be equivalent to the acceptance of the dismemberment of the Empire. Whether the Empire is to exist is the question now seriously at issue between the EMPEROR and his non-German subjects. A short time ago, sanguine minds saw two sources of hope for Austria—the possibility of the sale of Venetia, and the reluctance of the several parts of the Empire to take the risk to which weak States newly constituted are exposed. It may be feared, however, that both these sources of hope are now exhausted.

MEXICO.

FOR the third time in the course of the last twelvemonth the wearied spectator of Mexican affairs has been disappointed in his expectation that they would be settled as only they can be settled. Before the last mail reached England, it seemed certain that one of the two parties was on the point of conclusively getting the other under its heel, and bringing the whole country under a dictatorship which would at least stay the flow of civil blood and put a stop to devastation. But this hope has vanished. When we last called attention to this unhappy Commonwealth, MIRAMON, the Conservative President—we call him Conservative because he calls himself so—was besieging JUAREZ, the so-styled Liberal leader, in the seaport of Vera Cruz. The Liberal armies had been swept from the whole of the open country, and an exploit, not apparently more difficult than many which he had just accomplished, was all that was required to make MIRAMON master of Mexico. But his rival, JUAREZ, was in favour with the American Government, and American ships of war obstructed MIRAMON's operations, much as the French fleet has been impeding the attack of General CIALDINI on Gaeta. Ultimately, on some reinforcements which were coming to the besiegers from Cuba being intercepted, without much regard to public law, by the American captains, the siege of Vera Cruz had to be relinquished, and MIRAMON retired on the city of Mexico. His withdrawal was followed, in an inconceivably short time, by a complete reversal of the posture of affairs. The Conservative forces were driven from all their positions, just as the Liberals had been swept away a few weeks before,

and MIRAMON, shut up in Mexico, was on the brink of ruin. We confidently expected that the next intelligence would include the news of his surrender; but, on the contrary, it tells us of his having won a brilliant victory which will probably give him the advantage of another turn in this sanguinary see-saw. The main Liberal army has been completely routed, and DEGOLLADO, its commander, is in MIRAMON'S hands. The capture of DEGOLLADO is a most serious loss to the faction led by JUAREZ. MIRAMON, the Conservative President, is a military man, and, according to Mexican standards, a very skilful general. But JUAREZ, the Liberal President, is not a soldier, but a provincial attorney of pure Indian blood, and the general just taken prisoner is the best of his commanders.

The wealth of Mexico consists, first, in its silver mines, still far the most productive in the world; and next in the variety of foreign commodities imported through Vera Cruz, and ultimately paid for in the silver of Potosi. Each of the pretended Presidents commands one of these sources of riches. MIRAMON, from his inland position, can intercept convoys of metal more easily than JUAREZ; while JUAREZ has the command of the only port in the empire, and, levying what customs-duties he pleases, can appropriate them to the support of his army. Ostensibly, the proceedings of MIRAMON in seizing the silver which belongs to the mining companies and to foreign purchasers amount to more flagrant robbery than the embargo laid by JUAREZ on the customs; but there is little distinction in principle between plundering the property of foreigners, and diverting to the promotion of a factious enterprise the revenue which ought to maintain the whole fabric of government. Indeed, how little difference there is between these Mexican rivals may be judged from their latest achievements. It is not long since MIRAMON seized on a quantity of treasure under the direct protection of the British Ambassador, while DEGOLLADO, JUAREZ' general, recently signalized himself by appropriating a convoy of precious metal which was being conveyed to Vera Cruz under his own safe-conduct. JUAREZ, however, happens from his position on the coast to be more amenable to foreign control than his competitor, and his system of pillage is less openly illegal. He is, therefore, much better liked than MIRAMON by the foreign creditors of Mexico, whose representative in the *Times* speaks of the Conservative leader, by way of distinction, as the "felonious" President. Felonious he certainly is, if the tests of public morality in use among civilized nations are applicable to Mexico, but in truth it is absurd to judge the parties to this bloody contest by their supposed respect for the money obligations of the State which they are tearing to pieces. When men are at the death-grip, who thinks of speculating on their comparative sense of pecuniary probity? Who expects the rights of foreigners to be attended to by factions which are daily committing atrocities against persons and property such as have not been heard of in Europe since the Thirty Years' War? JUAREZ has his stronghold commanded by foreign guns, and may be sometimes forced to refrain from plunder, or to refund it, more easily than the inaccessible MIRAMON; but of the two, bad as they are, the "felonious" President of the *Times* is certainly to be preferred. We would rather, on the whole, see MIRAMON master of Mexico than JUAREZ; not because the former is a Conservative, nor even because he is an honest man, but because he is less absolutely a savage than the Indian who holds Vera Cruz. We cannot say which of the two would oftenest refuse to pay interest on the debt if he were Dictator of all Mexico; but MIRAMON, the man of European blood, may always be trusted to stop short of some lengths of iniquity which a barbarian nature would not hesitate to overpass.

The events which are occurring in the United States give some degree of importance to the defeat of the Mexican Liberals. JUAREZ, when in extremity, has always shown a disposition to purchase the support of the American Government on its own terms. It may be remembered that when he was invested in Vera Cruz, he concluded a treaty with President BUCHANAN'S envoy, which bound the Executive at Washington to place him in authority, and to put down his competitor on conditions which would shortly have converted the North of Mexico into a territory of the United States. The treaty was vetoed by the American Senate, and JUAREZ showed no desire to reopen negotiations when once his successes had begun. But if he be pushed hard again, he will assuredly be willing to treat for foreign assistance; and this time he will probably make overtures to the seceding States of the American Union. Over and over again, their

newspapers and politicians have declared that, when once they are disentangled from the Federation, it will be their mission to absorb Mexico, and convert it into slave-soil. There are more facilities for carrying out an enterprise of this kind than appear at first sight. On the one hand, JUAREZ, if thoroughly beaten by MIRAMON, is not likely to boggle at any concessions which may have the effect of raising him to undivided power. We can conceive him agreeing to re-establish slavery in Mexico quite as readily as consenting to cede its northern provinces. On the other hand, the seceding States, whether united or not in a Southern Confederacy, would have no difficulty in giving effectual aid to a Mexican partisan. It is true that there is no chance of their sending a naval armament to Vera Cruz, but they are sure, sooner or later, to count Texas among their number; and the slightest pretext of legality would send a host of American adventurers over the Texan border, to overrun, and probably to conquer, the whole Mexican commonwealth. One of the few advantages which MIRAMON does seem to have over JUAREZ is his greater patriotism. He really does appear disinclined to sell himself to foreigners; and on this ground he deserves to be respected. The coarser and ruder virtues are the only ones which we can fairly look for in a Mexican general. JUAREZ barter away his country just as others of his race have sold their hunting-ground for a barrel of whisky. MIRAMON is a point or two above this; and if he has not risen to the civilized conception of a national debt, his fault is scarcely equal to the foolishness of those who, blinded by Mr. CANNING'S fictions, choose to expect European probity from the mongrels of Spanish America.

MR. LINDSAY AND THE EMPEROR.

HOWEVER paradoxical it may seem, it would not be surprising if Mr. LINDSAY'S proselytizing tour in favour of free navigation should prove more successful in despotism France than in republican America. National freedom is by no means conducive to cosmopolitan liberality, and the more genuine patriotism is, the more apt it is to generate a narrow national selfishness. Free-trade is the creed rather of a philosophical minority than of the mass of the people in any country; and even in England, the first result of a Reform Bill on Mr. BRIGHT'S principles would probably be an attempt to restore the reign of Protection. The advantage of excluding foreigners from competition is very readily appreciated by every artisan in his own craft; and it needs more than the average clearheadedness of the working classes to understand that their interest as consumers of other products of labour outweighs their interest as producers of one particular commodity. The argument which really tells most with the people at large is, as it ought to be, the argument from experience; and unquestionably this does carry the benefits of commercial freedom further even than political science could have done *à priori*. Theory may demonstrate clearly enough that the best course for an entire community is to consult their common interests as consumers, and leave the special interests of each particular class to take care of themselves; but experience seems to have established that the removal of protection from a particular trade, after the first shock is recovered, confers a direct benefit on those engaged in it beyond that which they derive as consumers from the freedom of other branches of commerce. Those who are not content with a fact without a theoretical reason to explain it, may find the solution partly in the bracing effect of adverse competition and partly in the greater steadiness which commerce assumes as its area is extended and its conditions simplified. About the fact there is no question, and it is not less clearly demonstrated in the shipping trade than in any other.

In accepting and relying upon this truth, Mr. LINDSAY represents as yet but a minority of the shipowning class, but, with the history of the last eight years to back him, he has done wisely in presenting his case in its strongest though most startling shape. It would need only the merest rudiments of political economy to prove that France as a nation (including her shipowners among the rest) would profit by relaxing or abolishing the system of maritime protection which the example of England in old times established throughout the world. But it is not so obvious, though not less true, that the shipowners, considered as a class apart, would themselves be gainers by the withdrawal of artificial support. Whether the EMPEROR has sufficiently studied the results of Free-trade to be a con-

vert to this, its highest and most difficult doctrine, may be doubtful; and the possessors of French shipping will not easily be persuaded that they will be enriched by the loss of a tax levied on the whole community for their especial benefit. And yet this has invariably been the working of Free-trade with us. The abolition of the bread-tax has introduced a new era of agricultural prosperity, notwithstanding a simultaneous increase in our importations of grain from abroad. So, also, the repeal of our Navigation-laws has been followed by a more rapid development of our shipping than was ever before witnessed; and this notwithstanding the large accession of foreign vessels which it was the very purpose of the measure to bring into our ports. There is something quite startling in the figures in which these results express themselves. Ninety years of protection added little more than a million tons to our shipping. Thirty years of partial freedom increased the tonnage by three millions, while, in only eight years of almost perfect free trade, the augmentation is a million and three-quarters, in spite of the depression which followed the Peace of Paris. We know how Protectionist shipowners chafe at these returns, how many special explanations are at hand to reduce them to nothing, and with what parade the increased proportion of foreign shipping in our ports is dwelt upon by the prophets of evil. But the facts are too large to be frittered away, and too much in harmony with the effect of Free-trade in other branches of industry to be the result of anything less than an universal law. A comparison with the progress of the French commercial navy during the same periods is the strongest possible illustration of this truth. Fostered by the most uncompromising protection, French shipping refuses to increase. While we have added 2,800,000 tons to the strength of our commercial navy, France can only show an augmentation of 370,000; and in steamers the disproportion is even greater, being represented by the figures 400,000 and 50,000 respectively. These are the facts, on the strength of which Mr. LINDSAY appeals to the EMPEROR to make at least the first step towards the abolition of the French Navigation-laws, as he has already made the first step towards commercial freedom in other matters.

Mr. LINDSAY is in one respect more fortunate in the subject of his amateur negotiation than Mr. COBDEN was when he broached the Commercial Treaty. The objection that Customs arrangements ought not to be hampered by treaties scarcely applies at all to the laws by which shipping is protected. In this case protection is pure and avowed, and is in no way mixed up with financial considerations. Notwithstanding the marked way in which the EMPEROR has encouraged, and almost initiated, the discussion, it may be premature to expect an immediate relaxation of the Navigation-laws of France; but whenever the time may come, as come it must, when France will make a definite offer on the subject, there will, at any rate, be no objection to dealing by way of bargain, except indeed the difficulty that we have very little left to give up. Still there is enough of local protection to put some obstacles in the way of foreign ships, and to afford a plausible pretext to those who refuse to reciprocate a policy which even we, with all our boasted theory, have not carried out to its legitimate results. The petty privileges which different ports accord to their own ships, and the oppressive taxation which some of them levy on all who approach them, are quite as injurious to British as to foreign shipowners. But Frenchmen are apt to regard our remaining shreds of protection as especially aimed against themselves, and they would probably not despise the concessions which it would be in our power to offer in return for the removal of the most mischievous parts of the French Navigation code.

It would not be difficult to account for the apparent warmth with which the EMPEROR has received the representative of our shipping interest, without assuming the genuineness of his Free-trade convictions. It is now, as it was when the Commercial Treaty was negotiated, the immediate policy of NAPOLEON to win the confidence, or at least to mitigate the distrust, which England has evinced by so many overt signs. The approach of a session of Parliament generally exercises a perceptible influence on the tactics pursued at the Tuileries. Last year the Treaty was put forward to cover the annexation of Savoy. This year we have the promised withdrawal of the French fleet from Gaeta, reinforced with such a hint of future freedom on the seas as may be thought likely to conciliate the temper of a British Parliament. Whether there is another Savoy business behind remains to be proved; but even without any scheme of aggrandisement to cloak, it may well be the

policy and the interest of the French EMPEROR to cultivate the favour of England. He could not do so with a better chance of success than by opening his ports to British and Colonial shipping, and it is quite possible that he may take a step in this direction as much from conviction as from any political motives which may lurk in his mind. Whatever the inducement may be, a Navigation Treaty would be accepted at the hands of France with unqualified satisfaction. Whether it would disarm our suspicion is another question. It is a tedious business to reinstate a character which has been played with as recklessly as that of the Emperor NAPOLEON; but some idea of winning a better reputation seems to have mingled of late with other feelings in his home and foreign policy; and though a concession to our shipping would not blind us to future intrigues, or wipe out the memory of past deceits, it would be welcomed in itself as an additional bond of union between the people of France and England, however little it might reconcile us to Napoleonic ideas.

PADDING.

THE critics whose business it is to pronounce an opinion on the relative merits of the numerous monthly magazines have invented a very convenient and expressive term. The serial stories are classed apart, compared, criticised, condemned, or praised. All the remainder of the contents of the magazines is lumped together under the head of "Padding." Those disquisitions on the duty of never falling in love, on the jam-tarts of youth, on our Lady of Household Justice, on gunnery, and so forth, are merely looked at as the stuffing which give the stories bulk enough to appear with decency. They serve to make "Framley Parsonage" and "Tom Brown" stick out comfortably. The critic informs us that he is delighted with Lucy Roberts, and that Mr. Sowerby is as good as ever, and descants minutely on the feelings awakened by the persistent alacrity with which the ardent Tom Brown pursues beer, young ladies, and the noblest morality. But he does not waste words upon the remaining three-fourths of the magazines. He merely informs us that this month the padding of the *Cornhill* is better than that of *Macmillan*, or vice versa; and this sweeping criticism is supposed to furnish a sufficient clue for the wise distribution of the time which each reader devotes to the perusal of magazines. Padding, however, deserves a little consideration, not only with regard to the excellences of any particular specimen, but in its more general aspect. It is a sign of the general level both of writers and readers. That so much matter, good enough, at least, to stuff out the interstice between two stories, should be written, paid for, and read every month, is a striking fact; and it may be worth while to discuss briefly some of the conclusions to which this fact points.

A new era must have opened for authors when so much padding is wanted. It was considered by Lord Macaulay to be an enormous advance in the fortunes of writers when the public was substituted for the patron, and Scott could coin his novels into gold as fast as he could write them, instead of humbly courting the notice of a lord. We cannot beat the lucrative marvels of the production of the Waverley Novels. Scott had got, thirty years ago, as far as, or perhaps farther than, any one who has succeeded him. A very successful literary star shone as brightly in the days of the Regency, and made as good a harvest of his reputation, as now. But we have invented a modest California for the unnoticed, unknown, numberless writing public. The padding market is open to every one, and it is a very fine market to go to. The prices of padding are continually rising. The judicious liberality of the *Cornhill* has given quite an impetus to this species of traffic, and few things produced with so little trouble are so well paid for. There appears to be no limit to the number of magazines which the public will buy, and each magazine aims at giving more matter than its rivals. The great point of competition is to show the thickest outside. Lilac, drab, and yellow, strive to eclipse each other with the wonder of the shillingworth given for the shilling. And all the older magazines must have their padding too. The difficulty is to get padding enough. For the public, although it will stand almost any sort of padding, so long as it gets the stories it likes, yet respects and likes the magazines which are stuffed with creditable matter; and unless the padding is good, the magazine must be absolutely dependent on its stories, and if ever the story wanes in interest, the magazine has not strength sufficient to gain time for recovery. A judicious editor, therefore, although he sometimes likes to sport with his padding, and try what the public will stand, yet aims at keeping it as nearly up to the mark as he can. He does not like it to be permanently feeble, ignorant, and flippant. But a good average horse-hair stuffing is scarce in the market. The producers of padding are apt to be so intolerably jocular or so intolerably priggish. They are so inclined to think that greasy old cotton wool may be advantageously mixed with the horse-hair that their stuffing gives way, and seems lumpy and flabby even to the most superficial reader who admires the quantity he gets for his shilling. Therefore creditable padding is at a premium. Now we can scarcely expect that an author should make money unless he is capable of producing creditable padding. The day when every person thinks himself or herself fit to write

has already dawned, but the day when other people will think that whatever is written by their neighbours ought to be instantly and handsomely paid for has yet to come. The hardship of the Grub-street days was not that fools were starved, but that decent and tidy writers, who knew a little and had some brains and would work, were kept on sixpence a day. This has been abolished. Padding has taken away the complaint of Grub-street. To make padding is by no means a great or a glorious calling; but it is a calling, and it pays. We do not wish to speak disrespectfully of the leading magazines, but no one can call the ambition to be able to write padding an extravagant ambition. It is a success for which educated and industrious virtue may hope without incurring a rebuke for presumption. When the art has been once learned, it is not difficult to produce padding freely and frequently. The gain is not in any case great, if measured by the success of authors of adventitious popularity or of deserved reputation. But it is very large when compared with what the same amount of ability and trouble would have commanded twenty years ago. Poor languishing geniuses have now beer and mutton given them at home, instead of the old Grub-street dinners at a pot-house. They ought to be thankful for the mercy, even if they think it small.

The conductors of magazines are right to be occasionally careful about the quality of their padding, not only because its goodness will keep the periodical floating for a time in the absence of an exciting story, but also because inferior padding has a special vice, which is apt to bring a special discredit on the magazine. The careless or unpractised padding-writer is disposed to think that he cannot pay a better tribute to the magazine which he aspires to stuff than to write in its line and adopt its tone. As he does this from mere imitation, he is sure to do it too much. He not only makes his productions in keeping with the general tenor of the publication, but he makes it full of all the extravagances which he can think of as resembling what he supposes to be the most characteristic features of the magazine. He travesties the philosophy and burlesques the style of the leading writers. He praises coarsely what they have praised with delicacy, and he abuses coarsely the people on whose shortcomings they consider they have gently, though severely, touched. There is nothing worse for a periodical than this second-rate imitation of itself, and nothing harder to avoid. For the manufacturers of padding must be employed, and if they are not beyond the imitative stage of writing, how is that to be helped? And if they imitate anything, are they not to be allowed to imitate the good things which the magazine has commended to their notice? Perhaps occasionally it might be possible to apply the same kind of reproof to them that is administered by a master who cuts out all allusions to the Muses in a copy of verses. They might be forced to go at once to the business they have undertaken. But it must fairly be acknowledged that a periodical that aimed at commanding the straightforward treatment in simple English of definite subjects, would have to reject nine-tenths of the padding that is offered. It is in the excursions, in the preliminary dissertations, and in the mere moral and philosophical remarks that the imitative propensity of the manufacturer is chiefly shown; and often, if these are lopped away, hardly anything remains. Still, a periodical that insists on the removal of such excrescences will have a glory of its own, and the public will respect it. Of course it is possible to say that the money, and not the respect, of the public is what is wanted, and that the sort of readers who, having read a thing well done, like to read an imitation of it badly done, are numerous enough to make it prudent to consult their tastes. It may be that the worst padding-makers are in a pecuniary sense the best. This is one of those obscure facts of which publishers are the only judges. And even if it is true, we are not concerned with it. It is only when a magazine is a good as well as a saleable article, that it has any interest for us.

At any rate, a large portion of the public wishes the staple of a favourite magazine to be good, and the padding that is provided is framed to meet the general taste. Perhaps no better index could be found to the average taste of ordinary Englishmen than the duller portions of popular magazines. It is not that the writers intentionally set themselves to gratify the appetites of imaginary readers. They neither write up to nor down to the public. They only write what pleases themselves, or, if they are not secure of their position, what they hope will please the editor. But they suit the taste of the public while they suit their own, because they belong to the public. They think and feel as their neighbours think and feel. Originality is out of the line of padding. All that is necessary is to say what most people would like to read, and to say it in an acceptable way. If the padding-maker is funny, it is because he enjoys the sort of fun he attempts to reproduce. His moral remarks are the sermons he preaches to himself. If he is extravagant and stilted in the language of admiration or blame, it is because he has sat at the feet of teachers who have captivated him by their grandiloquence. Padding furnishes a sort of looking-glass in which we may see who it is that are influencing the minds of our contemporaries, and what is the character and the extent of this influence. Viewed in this light padding is satisfactory to contemplate. The tastes of the English public are good tastes. The tedious fun of bad padding-makers is a homage to the sterling and innocent fun of humorous contemporaries. Their moral remarks are heavy, but they are sound. Their creed may be vague, but it is gene-

rous, pure, and unselfish. We may be reasonably proud both of our padding and of its authors.

The large quantity of padding which the market absorbs may also be taken as a proof of the great superiority of diffused education which England possesses over every other European country. On the Continent there are countries where perhaps elementary education is further advanced, and where the highest paths of science and literature are followed as assiduously; but there is nothing there to compare with the extent of moderate scientific and literary education to be found in England. The number of readers that good popular treatises can secure is small in France and almost infinitesimal in Germany. In fact, the article does not exist in Germany. All writing on difficult subjects is directed to the learned world alone. Anything that is not so directed is rejected at once as "literature for ladies"—as not worth thinking of or attending to. There is no medium between very deep books and treatises and very shallow and silly ones. But in England there are thousands and tens of thousands of readers who like to read about a subject into which they do not profess to go thoroughly. They like to know the general results of geology or chemistry, although they may not be geologists or chemists. They wish to understand something about ferns or sea-anemones, although they never get up the principles of scientific classification. They are glad to have laid before them the histories of nations or individuals, although they never pretend to study the original authorities to which they are referred in the foot-notes. To all these wishes padding ministers abundantly. To get for ever something light about boulders and sea-anemones or national heroes, is the constant and fervent aspiration of the judicious editor. There can be no doubt that the supply of such articles both betokens, and helps to maintain, a very high level of diffused education. Articles that are right, so far as they go, and do not seem foolish even to the best judges, are of the greatest use in teaching that very large number of people who do not intend ever to prosecute their studies very far, and who yet would be ashamed and sorry to abandon them altogether. The wish for a little serious thought and information, provided it does not bore, and can be dipped into and laid aside, is only second in the minds of such magazine readers to the wish for a good story. Padding is therefore an instrument of considerable importance in the training of the nation, and has collectively a dignity and worth which we confess its inferior specimens occasionally tempt us to forget.

AN EMPEROR AT HOME.

THE true philosophy of history has only lately been discovered. It is not for facts that you go to the old almanac, but for ideas. We make war in these days, not as of old, for territorial gains or for political aggrandizement, but for ideas. A king or a statesman is not to be judged by his conquests, his edicts, his wars, or his massacres, but by the great ideas which it was his mission to preach or to propagate. In this light, history is best studied in biography. The more you know of the man, the truer is your judgment of the causes which he represented or created; and you know nothing of the man unless you know his personal history and his inner life. Hence the importance of memoirs, contemporary *ana*, anecdotes, and the like. History ought to be read in the *Court Circular* rather than in the *Annual Register*. The little facts that Nero used to play the fiddle, that Cromwell smudged the ink in Marten's face after signing Charles' death-warrant, that Robespierre was very fond of flowers, dogs, and canary birds, help us wonderfully to understand the respective characters of all these historical notables. On the single fact that the present Pope is a fair billiard-player, an historian of the modern school can construct an excellent history of the Papacy for the last ten years. The value of Nero's fiddling and the Pope's billiards is this—that these traits show character; and when you have got a man's character, you are then, and then only, in the right position to judge of his external actions. The outside of things is deceitful, and the mere dry facts of history are worth nothing till you have got hold of the heart and character of the agents of history. These are often learned by little facts; and, as a rule, the smaller they are the more they tell.

We have lately been favoured with several interesting specimens of these solid facts—the true skeleton and articulation of history. At the present moment there is a great exponent and representative of ideas living and influencing the destinies of the whole human race. We are speaking of the Emperor Napoleon III., who has written a book on the Napoleonic ideas, and has illustrated his book by printing it in red in the annals of Christendom. It would be a great mistake to estimate his real importance by the massacre of December, by the Italian war, by the annexation of Savoy, by the deportations to Cayenne, by the suppression of French liberty, by the intrigues of Gaeta, by the incidents of Strasburg or Boulogne, &c. To set him down as a selfish adventurer, or as a cold-hearted tyrant, would be a judgment founded in the old stupid way, on a collection of facts, and by the reference of such facts to certain fundamental notions of right and wrong. Since we have rehabilitated Henry VIII., and Robespierre, and Tiberius Caesar, we know better how to set about judging a great king. It is contemporary memoirs and the *domestica facta* that we want; and the newspapers of last week have contained several little facts about the Emperor which are of the greatest weight in de-

termining his Imperial Majesty's character. It is curious enough, by the way, that just at Christmas time, when we are all so sentimental, and philanthropic, and domestic, such a collection of delightful personal anecdotes, about which there can be no mistake, come out with regard to the modern Saviour of Society. For example, as the Emperor and Empress were walking one day in the Bois de Boulogne, the Great King saw a young lady drop her pocket-handkerchief, and called to her. On turning round, the young lady and her parent were "thunderstruck" at perceiving the Emperor. What does the good and gracious monarch do? Why, instead of sending the father to Vincennes and beheading the young woman on the spot, "the Emperor advanced to the young lady and gave her the handkerchief." Again: in the same Bois de Boulogne, the same mighty potentate arrived at the lake "in a plain chariot"—which makes the matter so remarkable—alighted from the chariot and crossed the lake "on his skates," having first condescendingly put them on, which his chronicler forgot to mention. He was immediately recognised, attracted unusual attention, "everybody ran and everybody cheered." The Emperor continued to skate for half-an-hour, and there was admiration and wonder in heaven and earth; when the climax of this extraordinary scene occurred. "Seeing a child in a sledge pushed forward by a nursery maid, the Emperor took the place of the servant, and drove the sledge." The sledge, we understand, has since been purchased for its weight in gold by the City of Paris, and is to be preserved among the archives of the Empire. Once more—on New Year's Evening, the Emperor and Empress, unattended and in the strictest incognito, went the round of the Boulevards arm-in-arm, made innumerable purchases of *bonbons* and *étrennes*, with which they stuffed their sacred and imperial pockets, and, on their return, laughingly distributed the contents, all of which they paid for, to the ladies of the Court.

These are Imperial works and worthy kings. Here we read character. You know all about a man when you know this of him. When you see him polite and attentive to the ladies; when you see him at fifty frisking and frolicking on the ice like a schoolboy; when you see him kissing the children in the streets, and playing at horses with them; when you see him take a walk quietly with his wife—his own wife, mind you—arm-in-arm, and just go to market like a city clerk after business hours, take my word for it, he is a good man. So says Mrs. Grundy, and the Emperor knows the value of Mrs. Grundy's good word. This is the sort of thing which is got up for the domestic market, and especially for the English market. And very well got up it is. In a volume just published we have at least fifty of these pretty, touching episodes. They are the green and sunny spots of history, and, as is only right, we get them from a lady. They are to be found in the pages of a daily contemporary, in letters signed "*Chroniqueuse*," which have lately been reprinted in a volume (*Photographs of Paris Life: Tweedie*). Here are buds plucked at random from this anthology:—"A few days ago, while their Majesties were walking in the forest of Compiègne, a little girl, poorly clad, met the Imperial party, gave a shout of joy, and threw herself on her Majesty's neck." Is there a heart so cold as not to feel that the Empress was in the habit of rising early, and of distributing secret alms to the poor? The poorly clad little girl only knew a *bon ange* and a beauteous lady in the unknown Empress. "It is said that the Emperor, on the discovery of his noble spouse's generosity of heart, kissed her hand in presence of all the guests, and declared that every day developed some new and charming trait in the amiable Eugénie." As it is at Compiègne, so it is at St. Sauveur. "Their Majesties take long walks daily, without the slightest state, visiting the cottages, to see that the poor are comfortably lodged." Who is there who does not agree with the enthusiastic writer? "How commendable this is: I am sure the whole English nation, for this one act alone, will cry out 'Vive l'Empereur.'" In all sorts of ways we find the pleasing truth that the Emperor reigns, as his official title proclaims, "by the will of the people." This is no empty formulary: his throne is indeed in the heart of France. When his Majesty left Paris for the seat of war, "Shouts of 'I will touch him,' 'God bless the benefactor of his people,' 'We'll take care of your wife and child,' were to be heard on all sides, and the streaming eyes of the Empress and the ardent emotion of the Emperor showed how deeply the husband and wife were moved." It requires a woman's sympathy to depict these home-scenes and to sympathize with these home-virtues. *La Chroniqueuse* has done well to make these charming sketches better known to English hearts and English homes in a collected volume than in the confined sphere in which they first appeared. It seems that the Imperial solicitude addresses itself, often and successfully, to the young mind of France; and it is pleasant to find out how gracefully the Imperial kindness is repaid. "The children have found out the beautiful garden just laid out by the kindness of his Majesty, and in their little hearts they bless the Emperor Napoleon for all the beautiful places he has made for their gratification and well-being." At a ball a young hero salutes the Emperor. "Where did you lose your arm?" "At Solferino, Sire." "Have you had no recompence?" "None, Sire." "If your services have been honourable, you shall have the Cross of the Legion of Honour." Nor is this a solitary incident. "Last Sunday, as their Majesties were leaving the chapel, a lady, holding an interesting child by the hand, threw herself at the feet of the Emperor, and handed a petition to his Majesty. The Emperor looked surprised, but

took the petition, and listened to the applicant. At the end of her recital, the Emperor gave his hand to the lady, &c. . . . There is little doubt that the solicited pardon will be given. . . . As I gazed upon the face of the Emperor as he took the petition, I almost envied him the greatest privilege of his Imperial rank—the right to pardon." Before the expedition for China was embarked, the Emperor sent his aide-de-camp to Brest with this consoling message:—"Companions in arms, the Emperor wishes you all to make known to me in what way he can serve your interests, or those of your friends whom you are leaving. He especially desires that none of you should depart leaving any care or sorrow behind him that the affection of his Majesty can alleviate." "I am happy," adds the enthusiastic *Chroniqueuse*, "to state that the wishes of those brave officers have all been attended to by his Majesty." Rumours most unfounded have reached England of the Imperial festivities, not to say orgies, at Compiègne and Fontainebleau. Here is the simple life of the Father of his Country at Compiègne. "On the basin, which is almost a lake, are a number of row-boats, and here each morning early may be seen his Majesty in a quarter of an hour's steady and invigorating pull in a boat, which he manages alone and with great dexterity." In a word, he is quite the jolly young waterman, who also

Feathered his oar with such skill and dexterity.

What wonder that all this is appreciated? What wonder that wherever this model prince appears he is met with "long and loud shouts of 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive la dynastie Napoléonienne!'" contrasting with our apathy in England, where the shout of "Long live the House of Hanover!" has perhaps never yet been heard. Such goodness tells even upon enemies. As soon as the Austrian prisoners landed at Marseilles, "they marched through the town, and, to the great astonishment of the Marseilles population, made the air ring with cries of 'Vive la France!' 'Vive l'Empereur!'" Of course, it also captivates his neighbours; and we read that at the *fête* for the annexation of Savoy, "I observed a little band of Savoyards; . . . it was very amusing to see them at regular intervals stop and shout lustily 'Vive la France!'—La France now comprehended their own romantic land."

To recur to our point. We can only understand the events of history by familiarizing ourselves with the character, the inner man, of every great maker of history. Here we have before us the French Emperor in himself. We must learn that depth of virtue which called out the burst of gratitude "from an old lady, who exclaimed with the accent of truth and feeling, as the Emperor passed near us, 'C'est lui qui devrait porter la plus grande et la plus belle médaille d'Italie!'" The picture is completed by "the cold blue eye, the melancholy smile, the unchanging countenance of the far-sighted, clear-thinking Napoleon Emperor of the French." We must see him as he is—the redresser of grievances, the ever-present Providence walking through this valley of sorrows, protecting the poor and simple, extending his paternal care over the meanest of his subjects, whose faintest sigh finds its sympathy in the Imperial bosom, enjoying the simple pleasures of life, early on the lake, early in his morning walk, always accompanied by his wife—two guardian angels scattering blessings on the poor man's path—doing good by stealth and blushing to find it fame; with hardy foot brushing the morning dew-drop from the silent beauty of the primrose and the violet—at the same time the hero and the sage. Humanity scarcely ever presented a more beautiful ideal; by this light, and this light only, are we to read his lovely character. We must search for his politics in his life. And yet with all this natural simplicity is combined a dignity which no disguise can conceal. The high imperial carriage cannot be hidden; as with all divinities—

Vera incesso patuit Dea.

"At a masked ball I saw a beautiful Scottish maiden leaning on the arm of an angust Pierrot: she seemed to put her little feet to the ground as though they had been used to mount a throne." At another of those gay scenes "I noticed a blue domino whose stately tread I at once recognised." The deep eye of the modern Haroun betrays the imperial manner. Though man, his Presence is all but Divine.

Can there be any doubt about the intentions of this gracious Sovereign? An Emperor who picks up a young woman's handkerchief, and actually presents it to her, is he to be suspected of pocketing Savoy and Nice? The man who condescends to things of low estate, and takes a nursery-maid's place to drive a baby's sledge, is it likely that he is possessed with unholy ambition and greed of Empire? Are we to believe that the Royal Prince who walks with his wife about Paris streets buying sweetmeats is the dark conspirator against the liberties, the peace, and the happiness of Christendom? No. His bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne. This pattern of domestic and conjugal virtues is not the man to intrigue with or to betray his Sardinian brother. The liberties of Italy are safe with that generous sovereign with whom that pocket-handkerchief was safe. Talk of a man invading England who pulls on his own lake in the early morning, and goes to a dance as an angust Pierrot? To suspect such a man is monstrous. There may be of course reasons given by the captious sceptic for all these virtues and for this beautiful character. The late Mr. Lancaster used to observe, "Whenever I found a boy to be perfectly mischievous I made him a monitor:" and Sydney Smith

has enlarged upon the theme that the happier people are, the better they are. It is unquestionable that great success has a tendency to develop a vast crop of hidden virtues; and Miss Becky Sharp was lost in wonder at the contemplation of her own contingent goodness, if she had but ten thousand a year. We do not assert that this is the secret of the great Imperial virtues; but scoffers may say that the scene of the day of skating, and that sweet pretty incident of the pocket handkerchief, were very well got up, and were nearly as clever as that brilliant thought of the Savoyard peasants who at regular intervals stopped and shouted "Vive la France." We dismiss these unbelieving thoughts, these unworthy suspicions. Envy does merit as its shade pursue. We are believers in a good man—we do not despair of the redeeming graces of our poor humanity. There are in man virtues which a throne cannot spoil, and which lend brightness to the crown that only serves to adorn them. We must say that we are most grateful to the Parisian correspondents, especially to the fair *Chroniqueuse*, for this delightful picture of one who, if we may venture to describe him in a period as complex as his many virtues, combines simplicity with dignity, and a clear head with a warm heart—who in every relation of life, as father, husband, and friend, adorns it with the same grace and amiability—who displays majesty without ambition, and affability without meanness—who from the grandeur of the State can retire to the calm and virtuous solace of a country life—who is at once a king among kings, and the ornament and grace of the domestic circle—who is equally at home in the cabinet and the boudoir, and who is alike punctual in his council and his church—who, if any man, can bid *Astræa* return to the earth—who is indeed the Saviour of Society—and whose mission is, as he has often proclaimed, to reproduce peace on earth and good will towards men.

We can remember but one parallel to this superhuman picture. "If ever Mr. Pecksniff wore an apostolic look, he wore it on that memorable day. If ever his unruffled smile proclaimed the words, 'I am a messenger of peace!' that was its purpose now. If ever man contained within himself all the mild qualities of the lamb with a considerable touch of the dove, and not a dash of the crocodile, or the least possible suggestion of the very mildest seasoning of the serpent, that man was he." And yet such is the hardness of unbelief, that on that very day—just such a day as the day in the Bois de Boulogne, when the pocket handkerchief was picked up, or that other day when the sledge was driven—there was found one infidel voice to exclaim, "Pecksniff, don't you be a hypocrite." However, we know when the good and gracious Sovereign reads these lines, as read them he will, his only thought, like Pecksniff's, will be a prayer for his detractor—"Eugénie, my dear, when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for perfidious Albion; they have done me an injustice."

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

THE newspapers have lately been filled to overflowing with the misery of agricultural labourers. The state of their cottages has occupied the correspondents of the *Times* for weeks, and has even overflowed into the pages of *Punch*. A caricature which appeared last week in the pages of that paper sets the popular outcry upon the subject in a very plain light. On one side is depicted an admirable stable, arranged with every possible comfort and convenience, and containing a cheerful country gentleman, who is explaining to his friend *Punch* the perfection of his arrangements. On the other page is a squalid cottage, full of still more squalid cottagers, whose beds, containing men, women, and children promiscuously, are close to each other. The wife is lying ill of a fever; the husband is crouching over the wretched apology for a fire, which almost touches the bed's-foot. The landlord stands at the door in shame and disgust, and Mr. *Punch* triumphantly asks him why he should not lodge his labourers as well as his horses. The pictures are, as usual, admirably drawn, and the moral is not more unfair than the morals of caricatures must be expected to be. It is, however, one of those broad and obvious morals which are always unjust; and we fear that the tone which runs through most of what is said and done upon the subject tends to confirm this injustice.

There are many reasons why the landlord's cottages are not so good as his stables. Some of them, no doubt, are discreditable to his liberality and to his humanity, but the great leading reason, which is so obvious that it is almost always neglected, is by no means discreditable to him. It is, that the buildings are cottages and not stables, and that they are inhabited by human beings, and not by horses. The landlord buys or breeds as many horses as he requires, and no more. He is their absolute master. He prevents their multiplication at any greater rate than that which suits his own convenience. If they become burdensome, he sells them. If he could not sell them, he would, if necessary, shoot them. If the agricultural labourers stood on precisely the same footing, a humane master would probably use them equally well. If a cottager's house were in all respects as much under the landlord's control as the stable of his horses—if his children were born only when it suited his landlord's convenience—if, when they fell ill or broke a limb, he could put them out of their misery with a dose of arsenic or a pistol-bullet—in short, if they were beasts and not men, they would be far more comfortable in some ways than they are at present.

We have fallen into a habit of making such an immense allowance for the influences of wealth—and, in order to set in a strong light the responsibilities of the higher classes of society, such enormous power over the condition of the lower classes has been ascribed to them—that there is some fear that such a caricature as the one in *Punch* may come to describe people's real feelings, and that it may not surprise them to hear the question put—Why do you allow your labourers to be worse off than your horses? To point out the danger and the error is to expose it. No one doubts the power or denies the correlative duties of the rich; but it ought also to be remembered and insisted on that the poor are responsible too, and that they are not only responsible, but free both in fact and in law. If a labourer's cottage is filthy, unwholesome, and indecent, he is responsible for it in the first instance, in reason as well as by nature; and if he could ever be brought to believe that his cleanliness, his comfort, and his decency were his landlord's affair, and not his own, he would be more degraded by that resignation of his own independence than he could possibly be by any lodgings, however filthy and crowded they might be. It no doubt may be, and is, urged that the labourer cannot help the ignorance, the dependence, and helplessness in which he has been brought up, and that these, and the poverty from which to a great extent they flow, are the real causes of his misery. This is perfectly true, but it does not meet the case. The principle of individual responsibility is that every man is responsible for his acts, no matter how he may have come by the character which led him to do them. Many a landlord might allege as an excuse for his neglect of his duties, that he was prodigal, self-indulgent, avaricious, or indifferent, as the case might be; and this would be just as good and just as bad an excuse for his misconduct as the labourer's ignorance and helplessness are for his. Whatever our sympathies may say, such excuses are worth nothing at all before the constitution of nature. No amount of ignorance or recklessness will prevent a man from suffering in health and in morals who allows his house to be filthy. No amount of pride, avarice, or cruelty will rescue from general detestation and from its effects a man who lives a life of brutal selfishness and indifference to the welfare of others.

This being so, it is highly important to remind all whom it may concern of the fact that the master of a house is the first person who is responsible for its condition, and that the parents of a family so large that they cannot maintain it properly are responsible for having brought it into the world; but these observations require to be qualified by another. Ignorance and helplessness, though they cause filth, misery, and immorality, do not justify their existence, nor relieve those who suffer from them from the responsibility of permitting them; but this permission is excused in so far as it is caused by artificial means. If the law, for example, gave one man the right of blocking up another man's windows with a dunghill, or making a cesspool in his garden, the Legislature and the person who used the rights which it conferred would be responsible, and the owner of the house and garden would be an innocent sufferer. Though the fact does not attract anything like the attention which it deserves, there are laws which, though they do not go to this length, do deprive the poor in general, and the agricultural poor in particular, of their natural advantages in a manner almost as effectual. These are the laws which regulate the question of settlement. A man is said to be settled, or to have a settlement, in that parish in which he has a right to be relieved out of the rates, and this right is acquired directly in three different ways—namely, first, by renting a house or land worth ten pounds for a year, and living in the parish where it is situated for forty days—it being further required that the house be occupied for the whole year, the year's rent paid, and the person rated to the poor; secondly, by being bound apprentice, and inhabiting for forty days under such binding; or, thirdly, by having an estate of one's own—but this settlement lasts only so long as the person lives within ten miles of the estate. If it so happens that a person requiring relief has fulfilled no one of these conditions, he is entitled to the settlement of his father. A married woman is entitled to the settlement of her husband, and if no other settlement can be discovered, every one is entitled to relief in the parish in which they were born. Till within the last twenty-five years the system was much more complicated, and there were many other ways of gaining a settlement. This fact is still important, as a large proportion of the poor never gain a settlement under the new law, and consequently have only a derivative settlement, that is, one derived from their parent or their husband. The consequence of this is, that when they require relief, they are often passed into parishes of which they know no more than of a foreign country. Such cases attract no notice because of their obscurity, but they are very frequent and incredibly absurd. The following are real instances:—A widow and a family of children were passed from Sheffield, where all the children had been born, and where the widow had lived since her marriage, to a remote village in Lincolnshire, because the husband (who had run away from his family), having many years before been apprenticed in Sheffield, where he served most of his time, had finished, or was supposed to have finished his time with his master's consent at the village in Lincolnshire. The master's consent was disputed, and thus the question whether a family should be removed from a place where they had always lived and were known, to a place where they were absolute strangers, and with which they had no connexion, was made

to turn upon a question as to what passed in the mind of a dead man sixteen years before. Another family were passed from Lincolnshire, where they had lived all their lives, to an out-of-the-way place in Norfolk, because two very old men were inclined to think that the father of the widow's husband had been hired by, and had served for a year with a farmer there, upwards of sixty years before.

These absurdities in the working of the law, monstrous as they are, are smaller evils than its general tendency. Its tendency is to make every person who lives in a decent house, or is bound apprentice, or is born in a parish, a contingent burden upon the rates; and thus the owners of land, especially where the parishes are so small as to be owned by two or three proprietors, have a direct interest in depopulating their estates, and driving the agricultural labourers into the small rural towns. There are parts of England where the labourers have to walk three or four miles to their work in the morning, and as far to their homes at night. This is the great cause which produces crowded and ill-built dwellings, and all their train of evils. The system originated in a state of society altogether dissimilar to our own, and the grounds on which it is justified, or rather defended, are, that it is required in order to keep the labouring poor at hand, so that their services may be available when they are wanted. It seems to be supposed that this object is accomplished by instituting an arbitrary connexion between each labourer and some particular parish, described as his settlement. It would be easy to show how absurd this notion is, but it is against its iniquity rather than its absurdity that the most formidable objections lie. It is monstrous that a man should not be at liberty to dispose of his labour wherever it is most advantageous to him to do so, and no more just or reasonable demand could possibly be made than a demand for free-trade in labour. The results of such a change to the agricultural labourer would be that he would be able to offer his services wherever they were wanted, and that the landlords would try to attract and retain good servants by affording them good lodging. There is no reason in the nature of things why an agricultural labourer should be ill paid, stupid, and inferior to other labouring men. His calling, as Adam Smith pointed out, is far more intelligent than that of a mechanic. It requires much more judgment, much more skill, and much greater variety of knowledge. It is one of the pleasantest and quite the most healthy of all employments; and (as the case of the navies shows) it would be infinitely better paid than it is at present, if the labour market were entirely free. If the law of settlement were put on a satisfactory footing, the condition of the agricultural labourers would be far more materially improved than it ever will be by any amount of philanthropic societies and virtuous indignation.

THE IRISH BRIGADE AT DINNER.

THE Irish officers of the Pope's Own—or some of those, rather, among them who survived their recent exterminating and bloody campaign in Italy—have been receiving an ovation. The patriots of Wexford have given them a public dinner in honour of their extraordinarily safe return. The banqueting-hall was decorated by the combined efforts of his reverence the parish priest and a bevy of artistic young ladies. The Brigade was escorted to the spot by an enthusiastic multitude of barelegged and bareheaded admirers, who agreed in thinking that the day was a fine day for old Ireland, and that Julius Cæsar himself, and the other Pagan warriors of antiquity, couldn't have held a candle to the gallant major of the corps. General Lamoricière had been invited to attend, but unfortunately he could not come. Circumstances over which he had no control detained him at a distance. But the brave O'Reilly was there, ready, as usual, to die at his post; and the Roman Catholic clergy of the neighbourhood rallied, as is the wont of the cloth, in large numbers and in boisterous spirits, round the dinner-table. The O'Donoghue, indeed, was not present, as it had been expected he would be. He was occupied far off with the business of the nation. The monster national petition in favour of the Repeal of the Union, and of the general glorification of The O'Donoghue which will ensue thereupon, could not be left to itself for a single moment. It had already, the Irish papers inform us, received ninety-six yards of signatures and some few inches over; and The O'Donoghue, Mazeppa-like, was still pursuing his wild career of beating up recruits. But though The O'Donoghue was not present, he sent his autograph. A letter was read from the pen of that gentleman, breathing patriotic regret and disappointment at his own absence. Nor could his place have been better filled than it was. Father O'Roche and Father Doyle were placed aloft amid the tuneful choir to say grace and to make speeches to the meeting, and to inspire the harmonious revelry at this feast of heroes.

There is a remarkable bias in the human mind which leads it to conceive of all great heroes, from Odin and his warriors downwards, as dining together after their martial achievements. In Homer, in Pindar, and in Ossian alike, the chieftains feast in company when the day is done, and their minstrel sings to them perpetual praises of themselves. There is something in the thought of feasting which seems to bring us nearer to great personages. We like to be near them, either in the body or the spirit, at these moments. We feel that it is pleasant and flattering to see those who have fought like heroes dine like men. It is just the same

natural tendency which leads us to prefer visiting lions at feeding time. They are so affable, and so natural, and so sincerely interested in their food. As long as men are men they will always take a keen pleasure in watching monarchs, and generals, and noblemen, and lions eat. So we make no apology for visiting the Irish Brigade at banqueting time. Distinction has its responsibilities as well as its pleasures, and if heroes dine in public they may expect to be observed. Besides, though during the repast they may be mere mortals like ourselves, after dinner they are themselves again, as soon as the knives are silent and speechifying begins. *Naturam expellas furcæ, tamen usque recurret.* When Father O'Roche has said grace, and dessert is put upon the table, the officers of the Irish Brigade are just as brave and just as terrible as they were upon the blood-stained plain of Castelfidardo, or at that anxious moment when they meditated blowing up the fort at Spoleto in preference to surrender.

It would be unnecessary to linger over the speech in which the eloquent Father O'Roche, in returning thanks for the hierarchy of Ireland, soared aloft to St. Peter and St. Patrick, and then hovered gently and dexterously down upon the merits of the Irish Brigade. Nor should we attempt for an instant to answer the embarrassing question what became of the Roman Emperors, the Lombards, the Saracens, the Normans, Henry of Germany, and Barbarossa, all of whom made war upon the Church, any more than we should wish to solve the problem which Father O'Roche subsequently suggests as to where Count Cavour expects to go to. Of these difficult questions we leave the former to Father O'Roche and the last to Count Cavour himself. The speech of the evening was the speech of the noble commander of the Legion of St. Patrick, who, we are bound to say, distinguished himself among his brother orators by speaking sensibly, and, on the whole, modestly and to the point. Most of what he said was connected with the defence of the Irish Brigade against the attacks of the English press; and his observations are worth noticing. Fair play is fair play, and every man should be heard in his own defence. If the letters which Major O'Reilly wrote in vain, as he tells us, to the *Times* were as apposite as his speech at Wexford, the *Times* ought not to have refused to publish them. The real objection to be made to the Major's apology is that he is fighting against a charge which no sensible man ever brought against him. We never supposed that the Irish Brigade were cowards. We never held that in order to prove their bravery they ought all to have been killed. We never maintained that brave men never surrender. Brute animal courage is a quality possessed by the native Irish in common with many half civilized nations. The Kaffirs, the Maori, and the Red Indians of North America are most of them courageous. The finest peasantry in the world, that break each other's heads at Ballinasloe fair, are in their way courageous. What is really to be said against the Irish Brigade amounts to this. They set out to fight for a cause with which ignorance and superstition led them to sympathize, to the sound of great blowing of trumpets, expecting, apparently, that the military operation which had destroyed Jericho would be the saving of Rome. On arriving at the scene of action, they showed themselves unfit to be soldiers at all, by their insubordination, their impatience, and their quarrelling among themselves. Still they blew the trumpet and asserted that they were the first soldiers in the world. The time arrived at last when they were led into action. Circumstances were against them, and they were compelled to surrender to overwhelming odds. Strange to say, still they blew the trumpet, and asserted that, but for circumstances which unhappily prevented them, they would have done wonders. Lastly, when they were sent home, much to the relief of the Holy Father and his Ministers, who were distracted by their wild unruliness, they still blew the trumpet. The feast of trumpets which came off last week at Wexford is part and parcel of the same thing. Nobody wishes to cast it in the teeth of the wildest Irishman who ever didn't wear stockings that he is not brave. But we are all brave. The Irish regiments in our army are just as brave as any; and the Scotch and English regiments are as brave as the Irish. The remarkable thing is that Irishmen are full, not only of bravery, but of braggadochio. Nobody objects to Major O'Reilly's surrendering, if he thought proper. Such a line of conduct was perhaps the most advisable, and certainly the least dangerous, he could adopt. But, having surrendered, it is hardly worth his while telling us that up to the last moment he had determined not to surrender at all, but to blow up his fort. A brave soldier may surrender at a pinch, but only Irish soldiers surrender with a howl of defiance for the enemy and a cheer for their own daring selves. Why is Major O'Reilly to be called a second Godfrey de Bouillon, as Father M'Devitt calls him? Why does the Rev. Mr. Redmond say he is a second Bayard? Is it because he volunteered to fight for the Pope, and led under his banner as curious a set of warriors as the ragamuffin army of Falstaff could have produced? Or is it because at one time during the attack at Spoleto he half made up his mind to die sooner than to yield, and telegraphed to Monsignore Merode to say so? Major O'Reilly and his brigade are, after all, not unlike the French cocks, who crow loudly whatever way the fight may end—

Ille chantent fort, quand ils gagnent la victoire,
Plus fort encore quand ils sont bien battus,
Chanter toujours est leur grande vertu.

The Irish patriots are themselves to blame if such martial pro-

ceedings as these provoke inextinguishable laughter from the rest of the world. It is a great mistake for soldiers who possess no soldierlike qualities but courage, to talk so loud. The Pope's Own propose perpetual toasts in honour of themselves. They speak in tones of eloquent rapture of Fontenoy, and of the deeds of Celtic demigods. When the hour of trial comes, they fail, owing perhaps to events they cannot control. But they still go on speaking of Fontenoy and the Celtic demigods. They bluster, and lecture the unfortunate Saxons who are unaccustomed to these displays of self-admiration, and drink their own healths with shouts of triumph. Sceptical spectators are tempted to remark—"After all, what have these heroes done?" History answers—"Nothing."

Major O'Reilly pleads, with some show of plausibility, that the Pope's Own are at least to be placed on as high a footing as the Garibaldi volunteers. It is neither our province nor our wish to sing the praises of the English Neapolitan legion. That force was probably composed, as most foreign auxiliary volunteer forces must be, of a certain number of sincere enthusiasts, of a great number of reckless adventurers, and of some undoubted scamps. There is, however, difference between them and the Irish Brigade. In these days, when happily freedom of opinion is advocated by all, foolish people are sometimes in danger of forgetting that one opinion is, after all, better than another. Legally speaking, the Pope's Own and the English legion of Garibaldi are in the same box. But from a moral point of view, the one fought on the right side and the other on the wrong. There were many things that both had to blush for. The English volunteers, at all events, had not to blush for the justice of their cause. And though neither have had great opportunities of proving their valour in the field, the English volunteers at least have not been ridiculously puffed, lauded, and flattered by their countrymen. Nobody, that we know of, has called Major Styles a second Godfrey de Bouillon, still less has anybody called him a second Bayard. It is quite possible that the officers of Major O'Reilly's regiment may be all Alexanders, or Wellingtons, or Napoleons. But as they have not yet conquered the world, the world, rightly or wrongly, will persist in thinking the panegyrics of their countrymen had better be reserved until they have.

Though Major O'Reilly's speech was not intolerably foolish, we are bound to say the omission was fully made up by the speeches of his admirers. Father O'Roche was of opinion that "Death before dishonour" was the motto which would encircle the names of the officers of the "Pope's Own" throughout the pages of history, in letters of light. Count Cavour's late attack of apoplexy was characterized by him as a mark of the chastening anger of a just God. But it was, naturally, later in the evening that the oratory assumed the most fervid tone. In the address of the Major, the proceedings culminated; but his speech, so far from terminating them, seemed to lend them fresh stimulus. The fun thereupon grew fast and furious. The Rev. Dr. McDevitt remembered how, when he was at Rome, he had heard the voice of his country singing in his ears; and he declared that at the very moment he was speaking he could hear it again. The sensation is one which many will recognise, and everybody knows there is no remedy for it but soda-water. Dr. McDevitt also, in the enthusiasm of the moment, saw Saxon malice and envy raging and foaming in vain, like the angry waters of the Atlantic that welter and revel round the cliffs of the north-western shore. He also saw ten thousand sturdy knights rallying round their Major in a second crusade for the defence of the Church and its head. There was also something which threw an enchantment over the banqueting scene, which Dr. McDevitt would not attempt to describe. It was this—that Ireland was welcoming home those gallant men who crimsoned the plains of the sunny South with the blood of their excommunicated foes (loud and continued applause), and who, when required, would march again in triumph through the streets of the Eternal Rome (cheers). The bloody edict had gone forth, the blaze of revolution had shed and kindled its red glare over the whole peninsula; the hand of the robber was on the throat of the supreme Pontiff, when the successor of St. Peter called to his children, and Ireland's chivalrous sons, under a second Godfrey de Bouillon, rushing on their foes with a shout of desperate courage, made the name of Irishmen terrible to the revolutionists. Having seen all this, and a great deal more, which he reported to the meeting, Father McDevitt sat down. Other Godfreys de Bouillon, and other parish priests of the McDevitt school succeeded to his place. Sentimentality and patriotism became the order of the day. Cheers, fireworks, and illuminations outside kept pace with the harmony and unflinching and uncompromising attitude of the patriots within; and the meeting closed under the influence of the firm conviction, expressed by one of the orators, that when next Major O'Reilly "should sound his war trumpet from Knockabbey Castle, not 1000, but 10,000 knights would rally around him, to undertake a new pilgrimage to the tomb of the apostles" (meaning, we presume, Rome), "and to wave their green banners once more under the blue sky of Italy." The brigade then left the room, devoutly hoping, we may be sure, that the "Knockabbey" clarion would not sound just yet. Indeed, as the "Knockabbey" Godfrey de Bouillon has a good deal of peaceful trumpeting to do at home on their own behalf at present, we may infer that the second crusade will not take place yet, and that the tomb of the apostles is to be left in statu quo. Every-

body will agree in thinking that the "Pope's Own" had better for the present occupy themselves with public dinners at home. Italy neither appreciates nor is worthy of them; but when next they do ride abroad, may we be there to see!

THE INTELLECTUAL CONDITION OF PIEMONTE.

LET cavillers say what they will, it is certain that the despised men of the North must do more than may be altogether agreeable to their neighbours, in the reorganization of Italy. It may accordingly not be uninteresting if we collect some facts which bear upon their fitness for such high duties.

The list of Piedmontese writers of any importance is not long. Alfieri is of course the greatest name, but he did not owe much to the teaching of Turin. It was at Florence that he learned Italian. The ill-starred Tenivelli shines by the reflected fame of his pupil, Carlo Botta. Cesare Balbo and Gioberti produced great results. Whether their works will be opened fifty years hence by any one but an historian is quite another question. Pellico was a star of the fourth magnitude, and belonged rather to Lombardy. Marengo, as a tragedian, and Nota, as a comedian, were both respectable. The mantle of Lagrange descended upon Plana. The most important work which exists upon the island of Sardinia is by the Piedmontese La Marmora. Massimo d'Azeglio has something of the marvellous versatility which characterized the ablest Italians in the age of Leo Alberti and Leonardo da Vinci. Brofferio will be remembered chiefly as an orator, but he made his *début* as a dramatist, and has also written songs in imitation of Béranger, to say nothing of his voluminous memoirs, which are, we are informed, about to be translated into English, in whole or in part. Gorresio, the eminent Orientalist, presides over the library at Turin. Bersezio is a romance writer, who has made his name known. Prati, the court poet, may, we suppose, although born in the Italian Tyrol, be considered as naturalized, and so, too, may Mamiani, who is now Minister of Public Instruction. Bianchi Giovinetti has applied himself to Biblical studies, and has drunk deeply of the waters of Tübingen. The ex-priest, Francesco Bonavino, who writes under the significant *nom de plume* of Ausonio Franchi, a philosophical author of importance, is, we believe, also a native of Piedmont. The merit of Count Sclopis has been acknowledged by the Institute of France. The voluminous Cibrario is the historiographer of the realm. Gallenga, in many respects superior to most we have named, writes chiefly in English. Count Cavour has himself published upon Political Economy; and perhaps we should not be far wrong in asserting that if Turin must yield the palm in literature to Milan and Florence, as in jurisprudence to Naples, her sons have nevertheless cultivated this science, so eminently worthy of the attention of a dominant race, with more zeal than any of their countrymen. We say this in spite of the fact that the most celebrated Italian writers on Political Economy are not of Piedmontese origin.

The best Subalpine intellect of the day is, however, to be found rather in the busy walks of administration and party strife than amidst the more tranquil haunts of literary leisure. These English of Italy have shown a singular aptitude for Parliamentary life, and although they have not as yet produced, with the exception of Brofferio, any great orator, they have many excellent speakers, and more ready and efficient men of business.

The newspapers of Turin are less ably conducted than one who wishes well to Italy could willingly see them. True it is that freedom of the press is a new institution even in Piedmont, but those who have looked into the English pamphlets of the earlier part of the seventeenth century, well know that great literary ability can be displayed even when free speaking is apt to lead to the prison and the pillory. Words are many, facts and thoughts are few, in Turinese leading articles. Rarely does one find an apt illustration, a pointed anecdote, a suggestive allusion. Given the political colour of a newspaper, with its prevailing tone, and it cannot be difficult for any one, after a very short apprenticeship, to predict exactly what will be said upon every subject. The principal papers may be divided into three sections. First, we have the Ministerialist and neutral group, comprising the *Gazzetta Ufficiale*, which is the organ of the Government, but has no literary importance; the *Opinione*, which is probably the best Turin paper; the *Gazzetta di Torino*, which stands next to it, and is slightly more independent in matters of internal policy; the *Gazzetta del Popolo*, a small, cheap little sheet, which had greater circulation and influence when it was in opposition; and the *Piccolo Corriere d'Italia*, the weekly organ of La Farina, whose name is familiar to English readers chiefly from his quarrel with Garibaldi last summer, but who is well known in Italy as a prolific writer and active politician. The *Indipendenza*, occupies itself much with military matters. The *Espresso* is a small paper a shade less Governmental than some others we have named. *Pasquino* is a sort of *Punch*, about as good as the Berlin *Klatterdatsch*, and taking, of course, the usual liberties of a jester, while on the whole friendly to Ministers. *Les Nationalités* is a paper published in French, and acting as a sort of vehicle of communication between the Italian and Paris papers. We may also name *La Libera Parola*, *Il Mondo Illustrato*, which is in the same hands as the *Rivista Contemporanea*, a literary periodical not unknown in this country; the *Giornale delle Arti e delle In-*

dustrie, published twice a week; *Fischietto*, another *Punch*; and the *Gazzetta Militare*.

Next come the papers of the priest party—led by *L'Armonia*—which belongs, we believe, chiefly to the Marchese Birago, one of a small *enragé* clique amongst the noblesse which is strongest, *à force du contraire*, in ultra-Liberal Genoa. We have seen better writing in this paper, frantic as are its sentiments, than in any Turin journal. The *Campanile* is a poor echo of the *Armonia*; *Il Piemonte* a poorer echo of the *Campanile*.

Lastly, there is the *Diritto*, which, after many vicissitudes, has lately passed into the hands of Mauro Macchi, Guerrazzi, Bertani, and other extreme politicians, and is the champion of those who think that Cavour moves too slowly. We are far from agreeing with these gentlemen, although they have a good deal to say for themselves; but we feel sufficient good-will towards them to regret exceedingly the tone which their organ too frequently adopts. It better befits some wretched little provincial print attacking the nearest deputy than a metropolitan journal directed by men who have a right to express an opinion on matters of high policy; and this detestable style is adopted even by so eminent a person as Guerrazzi in a pamphlet to which he puts his name.

One remarkable circumstance may be mentioned with regard to the *personnel* of the Turin papers. In almost all cases they have, in their managing body, Italians from various parts of the Peninsula. Thus, the Piedmontese director of the *Opinione* is assisted by two Venetians and a Lombard. The Venetian director of the *Mondo Illustrato* has the aid of a Genoese, a Lombard, and a Venetian. The *Diritto* is piloted by a native of the island of Sardinia, two Piedmontese, a Lombard, and a Genoese; and so throughout. It is otherwise, we believe, with the clerical press. This mixture tells well for the prospects of an eventual fusion of diverging tendencies, but the large field of selection ought to have ensured more able journalism. We should not forget, however, that the very persons who, in less agitated times, would be editing newspapers and reviews at Turin, have now been sent forth by Cavour to govern provinces and to organize a kingdom.

Elementary education, although backward, is being attended to, and in the capital itself is on a pretty good footing. In the provinces very much remains to be done, and this department of administration is, like many others in Piedmont, rather encumbered than assisted by the too great number of the officials amongst whom its duties are divided. With regard to the higher education, it would seem that Latin is more attended to than Greek; and that, contrary to our strange English custom, composition in the vernacular occupies almost too important a place in schoolwork. We have heard of three essays a week being required from boys of fifteen. The University of Turin, although respectable and very numerously attended, can really hardly take rank amongst the working learned bodies of Europe. We have reason to know that in the reorganization of the educational institutions of Italy the Government intends to act in the same judicious spirit in which M. Minghetti has approached the difficult question of the general administration, and that it is proposed as far as possible to imitate the English system of self-government, although, in the present state of the Peninsula, it will be absolutely necessary for the State to take upon itself some duties which would be better performed, in a more well-ordered country, without its interference.

The literary *salon*, that most charming product of French civilization, has never become naturalized in Turin. People do indeed meet in an easy way, but the opera, as in most southern countries, is a sad interruption to anything like rational society, and the men are too fond of congregating in their stuffy, filthy cafés. M. Gallenga, in his *Country Life in Piedmont*, complains much of the low standard of female education, and he must be accepted in such a matter as a most impartial and competent authority. It is a pity that the queens of society do not prohibit in their drawing-rooms the bastard Piedmontese dialect, which is neither French nor Italian, and has the faults of both.

A comparison of the relative number and importance of the booksellers' shops at Turin, with those of other traders, gives rather favourable results. Few of these establishments are large—indeed, there is only one which exceeds in size the shop which affords intellectual food even to so small a place as Bienne, in Switzerland; but the business is carried on with some activity. French books, of all degrees of merit, from Paul de Kock up to De Tocqueville, predominate, and divide the market unequally with reprints of the least unreadable Italian authors of the last sixty years. Many of them issued from the accurate and prolific pen of Le Monnier, at Florence. There are fewer English works to be seen than might be expected, considering the great influence which some of our writers have exerted on several of the foremost minds in the country. Such as there are, are chiefly the cheap Tauchnitz editions. One small shop is devoted to German literature—a healthy sign, for there is nothing more needed by Italian writers than an infusion of German thought and reading to temper that weary wordiness which is the curse of their literature. Amongst many good reasons for wishing the struggle with the Tedeschi brought to a close, we must number one which is not generally thought of. The Italians, fixing their attention only on the policy of Germany, which, at this moment, as indeed at many others, hardly rises to the level of a sensible man's contempt, turn away with disgust from that marvellous erudition in which these wretched politicians

are so pre-eminent. Important works of native growth are few and far between in these exciting days, but there is a constant fire of light artillery—pamphlets and such like—in many instances the works of young men who at this moment, when so many good things are going, wish to attract the notice of the dispensers of patronage.

If this brief *resumé* does not indicate a very flourishing position of affairs, it must be remembered that Piedmont, although now the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," was, until yesterday, not only not free, but crushed down in a way which seems now altogether incredible. Charles Albert, in the earlier part of his reign, was not so very much better than King Bomba himself, and we question much whether his two predecessors were at all better. In those days Piedmont was the Boetia of Italy. It is now fond of calling itself the Macedonia. Let us hope that in time it will add the graces of Athens.

THE PENNY-A-LINER.

THE penny-a-liner's empire is both extensive and diversified. For example, we have often wondered why the services of life-boats should receive his particular attention. From whatever quarter blows the wind, it always seems to bring an active and inquisitive newsmonger to the coast where there is storm and wreck. We know not how many ships' crews have been "rescued from a watery grave" during the tempestuous year which has lately closed. The busy scribes who have taken the National Life-boat Association under their especial patronage do not allow it to play so poor a part as that of merely saving life from drowning. Is there a wreck amid the surf a few miles from a life-boat station—somebody, with some sort of handle to his name, immediately "proceeds to the scene of the disaster" (merely to go to the place would do no good), and by the help of "apparatus"—not tackle—the boat is launched, and the paragraph is brought to a happy consummation in the usual form.

The Royal Humane Society, which maintains its establishments in the London parks, enjoys an equal share of the attention of these ubiquitous and omniscient agents of the daily press. Let what is termed at the Receiving-house a "water-case" happen, by day or night, amid summer stench or winter ice, in the Serpentine or the Thames, the penny-a-liner is ready at the shortest notice, and in the most efficient state, just like those formidable "drags" whose look almost makes one doubt the title of the Society which owns them to be called Humane. If, indeed, the penny-a-liner ever sleeps, which is at least doubtful, his time of repose must begin when there is no longer any possibility of getting even the most harrowing or exciting paragraph into that day's newspaper. If there be any time at which the Society might be allowed to save life from drowning, it must be between the hours (say) of four and eight in the early morning. During the remainder of the day and night nothing short of "rescue from a watery grave" will satisfy the public expectation. Indeed, we rather think that the founders of this Society made a mistake when they assumed the motto, *Lateat scintilla forsan*. Mrs. Quickly's admonition, "Good people, bring a rescue or two," would convey a more correct notion of the service which is expected from it. Of course it might be objected that neither the Serpentine nor the Thames, nor even the sea itself, usually retains the bodies of its victims. As a matter of fact, the "watery grave" is apt to give up its dead, but the penny-a-liner would not be fit for his vocation if he did not prefer poetry to fact. Thanks to his indefatigable pen, not only the Royal Humane Society itself, but also its officers and men, and even its goods and chattels, feel daily and nightly the ennobling influence of publicity. That thermometer at the Receiving-house has had opportunities of distinction which in darker ages were denied to heroes. "In the shade, during Wednesday night (January 2), it was as low as twenty-seven degrees." Observe the acuteness of the observation which could detect the difference between the temperature of places according as the sun had or had not shone upon them whenever during the preceding twelve months his heat may have been last felt in London. And observe, too, how the variations of the thermometer are accommodated with ever-changing phrases. "At nine o'clock on Thursday morning it still stood at the same point;" but something should soon be done to gratify an expecting public, and accordingly "at noon the mercury ascended to 31°." Further fluctuations doubtless occurred at later hours, and they might, if necessary, have been recorded with suitable turns of language. Thus, if "the mercury had ascended" to the satiety of fastidious readers, a diversion might be effected by stating that "the glass had risen." At a later hour, again, an air of freshness might be diffused by recurring to the earliest word, "thermometer;" and as a last resource, a striking combination might be made of one of the Society's servants with its instrument. The highest officer of the station, acting under a due sense of responsibility, and bringing to bear upon the question all his scientific knowledge and practical sagacity, might look at the thermometer and state the result for the information of the whole metropolis. Indeed, something of this kind was actually put in practice, and, as we think, with excellent effect. "The weather was returned by Mr. Superintendent Williams as being heavy and foggy." Our only fear is that the weather will have been so much flattered by the compliment as to try to earn a repetition of it. An officer of the Royal Navy, after many years' employment both on the Serpentine and on wider waters, makes the weather one of the subjects of his "return."

We suppose this to be some formal document transmitted by Mr. Superintendent Williams in the regular discharge of his duty to the Society, and thus it has a much higher value than any mere statement even by an experienced naval officer that the weather has been foggy.

Another agreeable novelty may be produced by the application of simple arithmetic to the thermometer. We know that the bare assertion that two and two make four has been found capable of producing a great impression upon the minds of men. Much more, therefore, might be done, by a skilful hand, with such an array of figures as $23+9=26+6=32$. At nine A.M. the thermometer rose to 26 degrees, "being still 6 degrees below freezing-point;" and about noon, "while the sun was shining through the fog," the mercury only ascended to 29 degrees; from which we ordinary observers, who are humbly conscious that—

This muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in—

might conclude that it was then three degrees below the afore-said freezing-point. But here, again, our penny-a-liner was fully equal to the occasion. To his ethereal faculty it was apparent that at that moment "there were three degrees of frost overhanging the metropolis." And, again, a slight infusion of locality will give yet a further interest to the changes of the weather. Thus, the penny-a-liner mentions, from time to time, that the Serpentine is in Hyde Park. And he has also a suitable respect for rank and wealth. He knows what is due to a "carriage party," and feels that "members of the Peerage"—which is, perhaps, a more extensive class than Peers—and "elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen" ought to be spoken of as "patronizing" the Round Pond; while "an immense multitude of persons," which included men, women, children, and Guards, do not call for anything more ceremonious than monosyllables, and may, without any compromise of penny-a-lining dignity, be said to "go upon the ice." How the penny-a-liner counts these "immense multitudes," as they skate or slide, or even the smaller crowds of wearers of good clothes, who "perform graceful evolutions," and is able to state with confidence how many thousands or hundreds of them are gathered on a particular sheet of ice, is not the least of the mysteries of the craft. Even an acute Yankee found the task of counting a single sheep which jumped actively about a field too hard for him; but we may proudly boast that our native penny-a-liner is daily found equal to far more difficult emergencies.

But perhaps the penny-a-liner's highest skill is exercised in describing "immersions" and other casualties. "At length the crowd upon the ice and also upon the footpaths became so great," that the chief officers of the Police and of the Society (whose styles and titles are of course fully given) visited the different parks, "in order to render assistance, owing to the many accidents that occurred." In this unbelieving age, the penny-a-liner almost alone retains his faith in the wisdom of authorities whose names are long and movements measured and sedate, and who are vulgarly called "big-wigs." A man fell, and put his hip out of joint, and "it was deemed advisable to have him removed to St. George's Hospital." We are sure that this man will feel grateful to the sage beneficence which sent him to the Hospital with suitable solemnity and circumlocution. When he got there it is to be feared that his leg would have been cut off, if necessary, with an absence of formality and a brevity of speech most abhorrent to the penny-a-liner's nature. Happily, however, "the representatives of the public press" are not admitted into the theatres of surgery. But the milder treatment which "the sufferer" undergoes in the Receiving-house of the Society is one of their chosen topics. Mr. A. B., whose address is accurately stated "had a warm bath and stimulants, and was enabled to go home in a cab." We rather believe that that which gods and penny-a-liners call "stimulants" is known to men as "brandy-and-water;" but after many years' uncertainty on this point, we know of no means of clearing it up except by getting ourselves rescued by icemen X and Y out of ten feet of water, and having "stimulants" exhibited to us as a "water-case" by the authority of the Society and under the supervision of the penny-a-lining corps.

It will be long before there again comes to penny-a-lining such a time as it has enjoyed for the last month. The nightly assemblages upon the frozen waters of the Parks gave occasion for some of the highest efforts of the school. It is the great merit of the penny-a-liner that he is not above his subject. Whenever, in his own phrase, "the utmost excitement prevails" in the neighbourhood of some unusual scene or incident, not the least excited of the crowd, we may be sure, was he who favours us with a description of it. If a number of persons are shouting themselves hoarse for the mere love of noise, it never occurs to the penny-a-liner to suggest, nor probably to think, that they are not acting reasonably. He attaches very high value to a brass band, and to the presence of Volunteers, whose uniforms may relieve the sombre aspect of an English crowd. Above all, the "pyrotechnic displays," which in another language are called "fireworks," and the "flambeaux," or in plainer speech the "links" of the nocturnal skaters, appear to have yielded him a delight almost beyond his practised powers of expression. Should the frost finally break up, there is at least one industrious class of men who would be thrown out of work. It is, however, some consolation to reflect

that the thaw must be gradual, and may possibly be only partial; and at the worst the changes of the thermometer, of the water, and of the sky, may still furnish to a skilful hand the material for several paragraphs.

EXCEPTIO PROBAT REGULAM.

PARADOXES have a strange attraction to many persons. The contradiction between the statement superficially false and the substratum of truth underlying the falsehood affords an agreeable excitement to minds that have more inclination than aptitude for logic, and love to be puzzled while blindly willing to believe. The asserters of paradoxes may be either charlatans, eager to appear prophets in the eyes of the numerous class whose faith is proportioned to their inability to comprehend, and who scarcely perceive the existence of any paradox at all, or honest but misguided reasoners, who are carried away by their imagination, and suppose that the truth will derive fresh importance and a better hold on the memory by being stated in a paradoxical form. The paradox is very often created out of the fundamental truth merely by extending its field more widely, or by enunciating it more forcibly; and of this common class the old scholastic saying which we have placed at the head of this article is a notorious example. We can most easily account for the existence of such a maxim from the latter of the sources referred to above. Some logician, recognising the truth that human rules are seldom or never absolutely universal, and wishing to impress on the minds of his hearers the fact that no rule is without an exception, chose to give his maxim a paradoxical form, and attach a mysterious meaning to the exception. He certainly has obtained a long life and notoriety for his saying beyond its deserts, for in the plain meaning of the words it is actually untrue, which is carrying *prima facie* falsehood rather too far. It may be worth while to consider the various meanings which can be given to this dictum, and strive to discover the real sense and value of a paradox which has endured for centuries, and is not likely to be extinguished very soon. The minds whose belief is stronger than their understanding accept the statement in the literal sense of the English words commonly used to translate the Latin, trusting merely to its authority, and not attempting to prove, or even investigate, its truth. When a fact is brought forward in argument contradictory of a universal proposition which they wish to maintain, such people gravely say, "Ah, that is an exception, and, you know, the exception proves the rule." It is unnecessary to expose the fallacy of such a reply. There is no more possibility of arguing with persons to whose minds it is satisfactory than with those whose only notion of proof is, "It is, because it must be," or, "because I think so." Yet there is a sense in which even this argument holds good. There is a difference between propositions which are essentially universal, and if not universal are not true, and those which may fairly be considered universal, the exceptions being known and rare. The latter are usually the embodiment of many affirmative instances in universal statements, each of which is true in the main, if not universally—in fact, inductive propositions. The former are deductive, and infer, from the presence of an attribute in all members of a class, that that attribute is necessary to constitute them members of the class to which they belong. For instance, the theory that human life depends on the circulation of the blood requires that no instance be found of a man living while the heart is entirely inactive—one instance to the contrary is enough to prove that life does not depend on the circulation. But the statement that a man has two hands is generally true, in spite of a few exceptions; and the rarity and notoriety of the exceptions to a rule laid down concerning the whole human race gives us reasonable ground for considering it universal. Conversely, if we merely stated the universal proposition that in every living man the blood circulates, a few known exceptions would not necessarily invalidate the rule; and if we asserted that the possession of two hands was necessary to humanity, the first man born wanting a hand would overthrow the statement. The fact is, that any exceptions do strictly and properly overthrow a universal rule; but under certain circumstances—that is, when the rule is merely an induction from observed facts, and the number of exceptions is ascertained and small—we are justified in neglecting the exceptions in comparison with the normal instances, on the same principle on which very small fractions are disregarded in mathematical calculations; and in these cases the presumption in favour of the rule is strengthened by the attention excited by every exception. Again, it is said that the exception proves the rule, because, if there were no exceptions, the rule, from its very universality, would be unnoticed, and would not be a rule at all. This is but a distorted form of the metaphysical dictum that we cannot conceive of a thing except by means of its contradictory; or, in less technical language, that our notion of a thing is formed by distinguishing it from all that is not it. But though the metaphysical formula is, to our minds at least, incontrovertibly true, yet its logical shadow proves on examination to be but an airy nothing. Test it by any such example as that given above about the circulation of the blood, and the absurdity becomes apparent at once. And if it is not sufficient to give instances wherein the proposed rule does not hold, a logical refutation may be found worth at least as much as the original argument. The theory is that until the exception occurs we know nothing of the rule; therefore we cannot know it to

be an exception, for the very word implies a known rule from which the particular case in question varies.

The ordinary translation of *exceptio probat regulam* is tenable on neither of the explanations given of it; and if we once travel off the grammatical sense of the words, there is no limit to the number of interpretations that may be put on them. The maxim may be softened down into a mere explanation of the word "exception;" or *regula* may be taken to be the higher rule of which both the exception and the rule excepted from are but instances. But one interpretation may still be given, which, whether we deem it a correct translation of the Latin words or not, deserves our attention, both as removing the paradoxical guise, and as embodying that process of discovering and testing universal rules on which the original maxim is but an accidental remark. The occurrence of an apparent exception "tests" the rule, and on the real nature of this exception depends the value of the rule. If the exception prove real, the rule is invalidated, either entirely, if its nature is such that a single negative instance destroys its truth, or relatively to the proportion borne by the exceptional to the normal instances under the rule. But if the apparent exception can be clearly explained, it furnishes a stronger confirmation of the rule than any merely affirmative instance—on the principle that an unsuccessful revolution always strengthens the Government—and often suggests a reason for the conclusion which may before have depended on observation. For example, it is laid down on scientific authority, that a drowned body will not float until a given time after death. Presently, instances to the contrary occur—corpses are found floating within a shorter period, or not floating so soon. Investigation into these cases shows either that the apparent exceptions were not really drowned men, and that the rule is consequently still valid, or that exceptions have really happened. For instance, the corpses of persons who are known to have drowned themselves in a state of delirium resulting from the plague or some other malignant disease, are found floating within a shorter time than usual; and science must discover why the rule failed in these instances, or else abandon the dogma. Here *exceptio probat regulam* is sometimes used as the resort of laziness. Some of those who ought to employ themselves in investigating the new phenomena are contented with the remark that no rule is without its exceptions, and leave the difficulty unexplained. But the more active minds reconsider the foundations of the original conclusion, and discover the true reason why drowned bodies float at all—that it is the result of decomposition, and that the exceptions, though real, confirm the truth of the rule in general, because in these cases the drowned persons were not in a natural and healthy state. Exceptions of a different nature are treated in an analogous manner, and a perfect rationale of the whole matter is gradually obtained.

We may notice that the germ of the inductive method is thus found under the apparently accidental remark that, practically, universal rules do not exist. Men could not really reason without induction, but they used it unconsciously, and denied it in words, until the light came which showed the real nature of the universal propositions on which they professed to reason. Now that induction has become familiar to us, it is easy to observe that it may be evolved out of *exceptio probat regulam*. The difficulty was to see the truth first, and still more to perceive the vast importance and utility of that truth. It will be observed that the maxim remains valueless until its paradoxical character is removed, and a rule practically new constructed out of the old materials. In this way other paradoxes, only good in themselves for intellectual problems, serve a really useful purpose. The exterior of apparent falsehood protects the grain of truth concealed under it until it be ripe, and meanwhile by its own attractive appearance engages attention, until in the fulness of time the husks of falsehood, having done their work, are winnowed away, and the truth remains for the intellectual sustenance of man, or to be the seed of some new growth. In like manner the philosopher's stone served to attract men to the study of alchemy, until at length they discovered chemistry hidden among its rubbish. It is for those who are wise enough or fortunate enough in every age to discover the truths concealed in the paradoxes which satisfied the preceding ages, and to employ them as they deserve.

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

THE last mail from New Zealand is the only one for many months that has brought any satisfactory news. At length General Pratt is able to report a distinct success. The troops under his command have brought the enemy to action, and have defeated them with an ascertained loss. The victory is not much to boast of, but after seeing sixteen hundred disciplined soldiers, well provided with artillery and ammunition, turned back by less than one-tenth of their number of naked savages, we should have counted it almost a triumph merely to escape disaster. Of course we know very well that, after taking the usual time to think about it, the British would find some way to conquer the Maoris. Gradually they would learn the right method of setting about the work; and they might even, in the course of a year or so, get the right man to lead them in doing it. But in the meanwhile there would be failure, and disgrace, and ruinous expense. It was on the 10th of September that a column of upwards of a thousand men, with two 24-pounder howitzers and

two lighter guns, marched out from New Plymouth under General Pratt. Next day they met another column of six hundred men, who painfully dragged along with them two ponderous 68-pounder guns. The object of the expedition was to attack the stronghold of the insurgent chief, William King. Three paha were taken without resistance and destroyed. So far good; but it was lamented that the paha were found empty. However, the enemy was not far off. Close to the third paha was a grove, from which a volley was poured upon the troops. Strange to say, they lost by it only one man, but he was carried off, either wounded or dead, by the enemy before the faces of sixteen hundred soldiers. On their recovering from the disorder caused by this sudden volley, all the guns opened with shell and canister at about thirty yards' range upon the bush. An eye-witness of the scene writes that "they must have done great execution," but he does not mention that any proofs were found of it. The firing lasted about an hour, and then the troops were ordered back to camp, leaving their poor comrade in the enemy's hands. That enemy numbered at the highest estimate a hundred and twenty men, and some accounts make them no more than fifty. This handful of barbarians repulsed sixteen hundred British troops provided with two of the most powerful guns ever yet sent into the field, and with shells, rockets, canister, and everything else necessary to effective action. Whatever may have been the precise cause of this miscarriage, we cannot help saying that it was one of the most ludicrous and disgraceful that ever happened to any British force. We seemed to have got back to the day when Braddock and his two thousand veterans of the German wars blundered into an ambush, and were routed by a few French Indians in the backwood of Virginia. The military character of this country stands higher than it did a century ago, and we have not lately sent a Duke of Cumberland into Flanders to suffer such a defeat as Fontenoy. But we can still contrive to place the bravest troops of their age under leaders and in circumstances where they may become the laughing-stock of the world. At incredible pains and cost, we bring a perfectly disciplined and splendidly equipped force into the most remote corner of the globe to make it a spectacle of pitiable imbecility. After all that has been said about the value of artillery in war, we drag our heaviest guns out and drag them home again, without having found means either to start a few score of ill-armed savages out of a small patch of brush, or to kill them in it. There is reason to believe that General Pratt's expedition caused the death of only a single native, and it is certain that he lost one of his own soldiers, and could not even carry away his body. The paha could easily be rebuilt, and no doubt the 68-pounders could be again dragged forth—but not easily—for a fresh attack upon them; and this exhausting and expensive contest might go on indefinitely, until general and staff, artillery, pedantry, pipeclay, and all other incumbrances, should be got rid of; and then perhaps a very few hundred active riflemen would easily conquer the Maoris, by surpassing them in their own mode of warfare.

However, after two smaller and equally unprofitable expeditions had still further lowered the character of the British arms, it seems that General Pratt entered upon a system which promises more satisfactory results. Three paha of great strength in the neighbourhood of New Plymouth were taken the 11th of October, in a style which astonished the natives a good deal, and showed that military science is, after all, not to be despised. These paha were about three hundred yards apart, and between them were placed rifle-pits, from which to fire upon our troops when they should rush in the old style to the assault. If they had done so, it is not unlikely that they would have suffered a murderous repulse. But the Maoris were treated for the first time to an exhibition of the engineer's art. Trenches were opened before one of the paha, and approaches pushed and guns mounted in the regular style. The rifle-pits were searched by shells, and preparations were made for breaching the stockade. The natives saw that the place was getting too hot for them; so they abandoned this paha, and also the two others, leaving behind them their simple commissariat of potatoes and other appliances for a prolonged defence. It may be hoped that the easy reduction of these three strong paha will revive in Maori breasts some small respect for British military skill.

This success was followed by another of still more importance. On the 6th of November the Maoris were brought to action, and defeated after a sharp fight. It should be mentioned that New Plymouth, in the province of Taranaki, is on the western coast of the northern of the two islands which constitute New Zealand, and about midway between Auckland at the north and Wellington at the south of that island. The three paha which were so scientifically besieged stood on the small river Kaihihi, about eighteen miles south of New Plymouth, and most of the other fighting has taken place within one or two days' march of that town. A tribe called the Waikattos, who dwell in the north, near Auckland, had determined to march into Taranaki to the assistance of the insurgent chief, William King. The news of their approach recalled General Pratt from the Kaihihi. A considerable body of them had appeared on the south side of the Waitara river, which falls into the sea at New Plymouth. One British column was to march from that town, and another from the camp of our countrymen on the Waitara river, and thus the enemy was to be assailed on two sides at once in his post of Mahoetahi, about three miles south-west of the Waitara. The two columns together amounted to one thousand

men. As usual, the enemy occupied a pah, but it was not of such strength as to defy assault. The 65th regiment and the volunteers advanced to storm it, whereupon the natives rushed out of it and entered "a thick scrubby gully," where they maintained themselves with great bravery for an hour under a heavy fire of artillery. Thus far they had only had to contend with the column from New Plymouth; but now the column from the Waitara came up and attacked them on the other side. They were driven from their position in complete rout, and left nearly forty dead behind them, so that, on this occasion at least, there is no doubt that they suffered a loss of double that amount. The loss of the British troops and volunteers was four killed and eighteen wounded.

We cannot too strongly express our satisfaction at this undeniable victory of General Pratt, and at the energy and ability which he has shown in the movements which secured it. The defeat of the Waikattos could scarcely fail to deter other tribes from joining themselves to the cause of William King. The next feature in the campaign would probably be the arrival of the 14th regiment, and this addition to our strength, following upon a signal proof that we know how to use it, may possibly afford some hope of ending this lamentable war.

REVIEWS.

HESSEY'S BAMPTON LECTURES.*

WE have very little doubt but that, in some of the high places of Oxford, it was felt that the etiquette and dignity of the time-honoured Bampton Lecture were somewhat compromised by Dr. Hessey's selection of a subject for last year's series. Nor can it be denied that if such a feeling existed, the lecturer took small pains to invest his instruction with any esoteric or fictitious dignity. St. Mary's pulpit, if that venerable *bema* is endowed with consciousness, must have trembled to its inner fibre at discussions which embraced names so strange as "the Crystal Palace and the Museum of Practical Geology in Jermyn-street;" and when a Bampton Lecturer adverted to the Saturday Half-holiday and Sunday Bands in the Park, for once the pulpit became as interesting as the leading article. We desire to vindicate Dr. Hessey's choice, and for the most part, his treatment, of the subject. Admitting that some of his more popular discussions would have found a more convenient place in the notes than in the text, we think "Sunday" was a very proper subject for a learned audience. Because the subject is of large popular interest, the Church, in its more responsible circles, is bound to show its sympathy with popular wants. A living Church has to deal with the world as it is—its ignorance, its petulance, its wrong-headed and false religionism, as well as its ungodliness and impiety. The right observance of Sunday, its religious and secular aspect, the propriety of legislating on the subject—these are social, and because social, are religious questions. It is probable that there is no single subject—comprising as this does considerations religious, social, and political, and involving nice problems alike as to the higher duty of a State and as to personal choice and Christian prudence—which more imperatively requires handling by a divine. Dr. Hessey has peculiar qualifications for dealing with it. He is rather a man of the world than a practised theologian. And in one important respect his judgment on the question is on this account more valuable. We should guess that the subject of "Sunday" presented itself to him chiefly, or at first, because of its practical importance. It was not that he had accumulated a vast fund of divinity, and drew from it a history and theory of Sunday, but rather, as we should conjecture, that he saw the value of settling the minds both of the clergy and laity on the question, and then read it up with an amount of diligence and research, as well as judgment and intelligence, which, while it is most creditable to his judgment, has produced a book which, for its learning, will render all other treatises on the subject superfluous. If, in availing ourselves of Dr. Hessey's erudition, we pass over with a dry foot what is the most valuable part of his volume as a theological treatise in order to grasp his practical conclusions, it is not that we undervalue its scientific portion. It is because not only is the practical aspect most suited to our pages, but we gladly recognise a tolerably close approximation of the conclusions of a Bampton Lecturer to those which have been put forward in the *Saturday Review*.

Six separate theories on the observance of the Lord's Day, or Sunday, have prevailed among Christian writers. These Dr. Hessey reduces to two; for he very properly excludes from the discussion the fanatics who proclaim a Saturday Sabbath, and those who, alternately or indifferently, advocate a no-Sabbath or all-Sabbath theory. The two leading views, of which the sub-views are of course mere modifications, may be termed the Sabbatarian and the Dominical. The Dominical divines urge that Sabbatarianism is Judicial, and expressly condemned in the new Law; that the Fourth Commandment is not the ground of the observance of Sunday; and that there is no authority for the assumption that the Church changed the day from the seventh to the first, retaining the ground of its observance from the Decalogue, that

rest and festival joy ought to be the characteristics of Sunday. To which arguments Sabbatarians reply, that the Sabbath is a primeval institution; that not to observe the Sabbath as a Sabbath is to dishonour the Word of God and the Fourth Commandment; and further, that if we cannot produce Scripture for it, we cannot get people to observe Sunday religiously at all. Dr. Hessey discusses these points, and arrives at the following conclusions: 1. That the Lord's Day, though a Divine institution, is the weekly festival of the Resurrection, and was observed from the first as distinct from the Jewish Sabbath; that after the first three centuries tendencies towards Sabbatarianism commenced, and that at length they reached, in the mediæval Church, the pitch of identifying the Lord's Day with the Sabbath, partly because of the tendency of ecclesiastical thought to base the whole Church polity on the Jewish type, and partly from the suitability of the subject to technical cases of conscience. He further maintains that at the Reformation a reaction against Sabbatarianism set in, and set in so strongly that Calvin proposed to change the day of religious observance to Thursday by way of protest; that in the Church and State of England not the slightest trace of the identification of Sunday with the Sabbath occurs; that the retention of the Fourth Commandment in the Prayer Book is to be defended on account of its moral element; and that though the institution of the Sabbath was not a matter of natural, but of positive and ceremonial law, and therefore of a temporary and Judaic character, yet it embraced and implied a moral obligation to devote a certain set time more directly to religious observances, especially such as brought out the notion of rest, and peace, and penitence. This may be considered the substance of Dr. Hessey's lectures, as a theological treatise. The Lord's Day is divine and Apostolic; it is not a Judaic institution, and certainly not a matter of primitive revelation, and therefore not a duty of heathen observance. It is a Christian institution—not one of arbitrary ecclesiastical appointment, as Calvin held—not to be observed in the ascetic spirit of Rabbism and mediævalism, with their burdensome and minute restrictions, but in a spirit of Christian freedom. We may, however, adopt Dr. Hessey's own summary of his argument:—

The Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment, with everything contained under the word Sabbath, or akin to it, days, and times, and the strongholds and yet the weaknesses of the law, is abolished. It was a positive ordinance of Judaism, and with Judaism has disappeared. But this is without prejudice to the establishment of the Lord's Day, and without its being at all necessary to seek for the Lord's Day, either identity in substance, or directly antitypal connexion with the Sabbath.

Were this a suitable place for a polemical argument, we should, perhaps, demur to the validity of the proof that the Lord's Day is a divine institution, "the Scriptural arguments" for which position, like many other Scriptural arguments, we consider strained and improbable. At the most it is but a venerable ecclesiastical ordinance, and on this point we rather follow Heylin than Hessey.

On the practical aspect of the question, we may thank Dr. Hessey for his conclusions. He discusses in his last lecture, and at great length, all the vexed questions about Sabbath and the Sunday which have been mooted in society and Parliament for so many years. He objects to any such interference of the civil power with a religious institution as should prohibit the recognition of man's compound nature. He argues that any Act of Parliament which would debar the poor from their relaxation and rest, while not interfering with the indulgences of the rich, is to be rejected; and though it may be necessary, in order to secure the general festival character of the day, to prohibit trade, yet that no very strict or general rule as to the character of the Sunday's rest and relaxation can be enforced; that a country Sunday may well be observed differently from a town Sunday; and that in this, as in other things, the Gospel is a law of liberty, applying itself not so much by fixed rules as by general motives, leaving much to the individual conscience—in other words, establishing itself as a moral rule, and a principle of action and duty, not as a tariff of technical prohibitions and restrictions.

These are wise words, and they are the more forcible from the place in which they were urged. The Bampton Lecturer addresses for the most part young men who will soon be called upon, as curates all over the country, not only to advise and to teach, but to act in this matter. They want their minds clearing on the subject. From a natural desire to promote the religious observance of Sunday, many clergymen are disposed either to adopt, or at least tacitly to give into, a Sabbatarianism which they do not believe, and to acquiesce in an interpretation of the Fourth Commandment which they know to be false—sometimes from dread of popular suspicion, and sometimes from an unhealthy apprehension that good will come out of evil, and that the respect due to the Lord's Day will be destroyed unless it is bolstered up by a string of inapplicable texts from the Judaic law of ritual observances. And to others than the clergy this book will do great good. It relieves the lay mind from terrors to which they ought never to have been subjected.

..... timefactæ religiones
Effugiant animo pavide.

It is something to be relieved from the bugbears of our childhood, and to be assured on authority that Sabbath-breaking is as much or as little a sin to the Christian as uncircumcision.

The province of the State towards the observance of Sunday must after all be a compromise. Parliament must legislate for the

* *Sunday: its Origin, History, and Present Obligation.* Considered in Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford. By James Augustus Hessey, D.C.L. London: Murray. 1860.

greatest happiness of the majority. And such happiness is complex. It is the happiness—material as well as moral, secular as well as religious, sanitary as well as social—which is promoted by a weekly holiday. The observance of Sunday falls in with political good; and Constantine's edict was perhaps sanctioned as much by political as by religious considerations. The prohibition of general trade on Sunday is within the province of the State, because the largest amount of general strength, and therefore in the long run of general happiness, accrues from the general rest. If the suggestion to open the Crystal Palace on Sunday for the general public had not been started with an eye to failing dividends in a Joint Stock Company, it might have been treated as a matter of expediency and policy rather than suspected as a device to rig the share market; and the argument—which, as an argument, was impregnable—that a stroll through the British Museum could do no more harm than a ramble in the Zoological Gardens, was generally suspected when it was urged by those who told us that all religion was priestcraft, and that all religious observances are a sign of intellectual servility. And as it is with the public, so it ought to be with a private observance of the Sunday. It is a case in which the Apostle's rule well comes in—that one man's liberty is not to be judged by another man's conscience, nor it may be added, one man's conscience by another man's liberty. Things lawful to those who have no holiday may not be expedient for those who have no working day, and the safest rule for even religious people is, as regards relaxation and amusement, to do precisely what they would do on any other day, with the addition of the public sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving. And if in this place we might give a hint to the Sabbatarians, we would especially commend certain hints which Dr. Hessey throws out, in which he seems to imply that the actual non-observance of the Lord's Day among the English poor is due to the fanatical teaching to which the poor have been subjected as children. Sunday schools have by no means been harmless even as regards the religion of Sunday. Dr. Hessey cites the saying of a shrewd Scotch judge—who, in that Sabbatarian land, must have had ample opportunity of forming an induction—"that it was not Sabbath-breaking, but Sabbath-keeping, that was the beginning of almost all crime." The reaction from four hours Sunday school and three hours at public service, which is the average slavery of the school-children of the poor on Sunday, is only too natural; and if the lad of fifteen ever remembers the Sabbath, it is to couple with it recollections of weariness, disgust, and gloom. If the question is asked why the working man never goes to church, the answer is, Sunday-school.

We owe an apology to Dr. Hessey for not having subjected his able volume to a closer analysis; but it will be seen how highly we value it as the most important contribution to right thinking on this subject which is to be found in the whole range of English theology. No small praise is due to the author for his frankness in running counter to much of the popular and feeble religionism of the day. On one occasion only does he condescend to throw out a tub to the vulgar, in his recommendation of evening communions. This is a solitary slip; but that the pulpit of St. Mary's should be occupied by a man of sense and feeling, as well as of learning, one who knows the world as well as his own study—which is Dr. Hessey's character—is a matter of congratulation to the Church and University. We will only add, that though scholastic in form, the volume is quite within the grasp of any reader of ordinary education and intelligence.

DR. WOLFF'S TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES.*

THE second volume of Dr. Wolff's Autobiography is only less interesting than the former one because the missionary adventures which it describes are by many degrees less novel and amusing than the strange vicissitudes and experiences of his earlier life. The glimpses which were opened to us before of the modern Judaism of Germany, and of the interior of the Propaganda, as well as of the state of feeling among various religious bodies abroad and at home in the first quarter of the present century, far exceed in value the somewhat sketchy narrative of the fruitless wanderings which form the staple of this new volume. The real charm of Dr. Wolff's Autobiography is the almost childlike naïveté with which its author photographs his own singular character. There is far too much egotism and overweening personal vanity for us to respect the writer very highly; and a man must be little short of a St. Augustine to be able to submit his confessions to the public without loss of dignity. But still no one who reads this book can doubt the sincerity and good faith of its author; and it is impossible not to admire his courage and singleness of purpose, even while one doubts the discretion and utility of his missionary enterprises. With the exception of his second expedition to Bokhara, which was undertaken for the benevolent purpose of rescuing Stoddart and Conolly, or at least of ascertaining their fate, Dr. Wolff's laborious journeys seem to us—and we say it with regret—to have been almost useless. Disputes with Jews all over the world, most of whom believed the missionary to be merely acting a part, preachings in different languages to chance collections of the inhabitants of scores of Eastern cities, posting

up proclamations "calling on the nations to turn to Christ," and the wholesale distribution of Bibles even in unfriendly and unprepared quarters—what lasting good has been, or could be, attained by these injudicious displays of undoubted zeal? Dr. Wolff seems to have taken St. Francis Xavier for his model, but he did not follow the wisest part of that great missionary's example. Stung by the remarks of some of the reviewers of his former volume, Dr. Wolff now enumerates a few baptisms which crowned his work in various places. But he does not tell us what provision he made for enabling his converts to continue in their new profession. It is curious, too, that it was not until he had finished his great missionary journeys that Dr. Wolff received any ordination, except the minor orders which had been conferred upon him in early youth by the Roman Catholics. He had been convinced, he tells us, of the necessity of formal ordination by a grave rebuke which he once received from the Armenian patriarch, and which chimed in with some wise advice given to him by the famous Baptist minister, Robert Hall, before he first left England for the East; but he did not act upon his conviction until it was too late for the practical benefit of his mission. Still, he is not to be judged by common rules; and if he was restless, impulsive, and inconsistent, we must not forget that he was thoroughly in earnest and even heroic in moral courage and endurance.

A preface to this second volume by its editor, the Rev. A. Gatty, is not the least curious part of the book. It informs us that the present autobiography has been taken down by dictation, which accounts for the freshness and piquancy of the narrative—the speaker always using the third person. Dr. Wolff's memory must be indeed prodigious, if he is able to recollect without memoranda so many names of people and places, and such minute details of conversation. The editor remarks that Dr. Wolff's written books have been "remarkably muddled," but that his spoken narrative is always clear and vigorous. This doubtless explains the great and deserved popularity which the present autobiography has attained, compared with the cold reception given by the public to the writer's former narratives of the same adventures. It is very unusual, in editing the work of a living author, to speak so freely as Mr. Gatty has done of his friend's failings and peculiarities. The excuse is, that Dr. Wolff is an exception to all rules, not less in his physical habits than in his moral and mental characteristics. The same plea, however, can scarcely be urged in excuse for the editorial sanction of the rather exaggerated compliments paid in the text, not only to the editor himself, but to other gentlemen, to whom it can scarcely be agreeable to find their private friendships thus obtruded upon the notice of the public. While we are noticing the editing of the volume, we may observe that Dr. Wolff, in deference to his reviewers, very much moderates his language, and has ceased to call all his opponents asses or scoundrels. The corrections of the errata of the first volume are sufficiently funny. For instance, "For jackass, read man"—"for a nasty, read an"—"for the rascal, read he." Speaking of the friends who edit this work, the author says, in his quaint way, "he only wishes them never to dispute with Wolff about the spelling of foreign names, in which he is the highest authority." After this we scarcely know whether to blame author or editor for such spelling as Mymonides, which occurs more than once. It is perfectly hopeless to arrive at any uniformity in the spelling of purely Oriental names, and so we abandon the task. But we wonder whether the Ephraim Sirus of one place is the Ephram Syrus of another; and Jacob of Nisibin is, to say the least, a very unusual form.

So far as we have examined the matter, it seems to us that Dr. Wolff has rendered no service at all to accurate science by all his journeys. With his unrivalled opportunities and his great linguistic power he might have thrown much light on many difficult questions of ethnology and philology. But he seems to us utterly untrustworthy in both. He believes, apparently, all the traditions which the Jews scattered through the East retain as to their origin; and some of his ethnological guesses, founded upon supposed similarity of language, are most audacious. "Wolff has not the least doubt," for example, that the people of Khiva are the descendants of the Hivites, who were driven from Palestine by Joshua. Further on, we find another theory:—

And since Wolff has seen the Indians in America, he has not the slightest doubt, from the striking resemblance between these Indians and the Khivites, and from the traditions of the latter, and also from the great likeness between many words in their language, that the Indians in America are the descendants of the Khivites. This is also confirmed by the account which Mr. Noah of New York gave to Wolff, namely, that the Indians told him that they had come from the far north in boats.

Our next quotation is stranger still:—

At the same dinner, Captain Moore, R.N., a friend of Wolff's, who possessed a jocular turn of mind, asked Wolff, "Can you tell me why there are so few Jews in Scotland?" Wolff said, "Yes; for the Scotchmen are called Caledonians, which proves their Chaldean descent." And this Dr. Wolff believes seriously; and the Chaldeans themselves say that three Jews are needed to cheat one Chaldean, which may be the reason why so few Jews are in Scotland or Caledonia.

So much for our author's science. His theology was quite as inexact during at least the earlier years of his missionary life. Not content with peculiar millennial views, and some private opinions of his own as to a future personal reign of our Lord upon earth—which were manifestly unfit for general missionary use, and as addressed to Jews in particular—he seems to have taught that the latter event was to take place in the year 1847. For this he was well laughed at, though very good-humouredly,

* *Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D., Vicar of Ile Brewers, near Tannou, and late Missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Persia, Bokhara, Cashmere, &c.* Vol. II. London: Saunders and Otley. 1861.

by the great Sir Charles Napier, two or three of whose characteristic letters to Dr. Wolff are about the best things in the present volume; and he confesses himself heartily ashamed of his false prophecy. "Wolff now bitterly regrets that he ever fixed a date."

We need not quarrel with our author for his firm belief in visions. He is persuaded that he himself saw one in Malta, and defends his belief by the authority of Madame Krudener, Jung Stilling, St. Bernard, and others. After repeating further on his belief in apparitions, and telling two fair ghost stories, he continues in this extraordinary strain, which we give as a specimen of style:—

Now, though Wolff's credulity does not extend so far as to believe that Sabelli killed the devil in the form of a cat; yet, in common with some of the greatest philosophers and poets, he avows himself to be a believer in the reality of visions, notwithstanding the puffing, speechifying, phantomizing, magazineering, pamphleteering, Exeter Hall thundering, in-every-thing-Popery-smelling spirit of this age.

Elsewhere he coolly tells us that he has met friends "of high respectability," who assured him that they had seen and conversed with the Wandering Jew. In fact, he seems to give implicit faith to nearly everything that is told him, unless, indeed, we may consider his peculiar way of telling these stories a recondite kind of irony. Here, for instance, is an extraordinary sentence:—

Wolff heard also from a great many Abyssinians and Armenians (and Wolff is convinced of the truth of it) that there are near Narea, in Abyssinia, people—men and women—with large tails, with which they are able to knock down a horse! and there are also such people near China!

And yet he must be serious in this, for he recurs to it in another part of the book in the following words:—

"Johar, the former Governor of Hodeyah, informed Wolff that there are people in Abyssinia who have tails like dogs; and as Wolff had heard that before, from numbers of Abyssinian Christians and Mussulmans, he is inclined to believe it. There is even in England a gentleman of dark complexion and of great talents, whose name Wolff forbears from mentioning, who walks exactly as if he had a tail; and people of high rank told him that he and his family were known to have tails; and therefore, in his carriage, there is a hole in the seat where he sits, in order that he may be able to sit comfortably."

Defending the admission of Jews into Parliament, on the ground that they will thus obtain political training to qualify them for government on their approaching restoration to Palestine, our author proceeds:—

"It is therefore to be regretted that Mr. Newdigate does not see that the finger of God is in all this; but Wolff thinks that in English, proper names are sometimes either prophetic or historical; and *Newdigate* is synonymous with 'proselyte of the gate,'—such proselytes being a sect of Gentiles, who were only half Jews, at the time of the Jewish theocracy, when the Temple stood, and they were always at daggers drawn with the Jews."

To have been stripped by robbers, in his first journey to Bokhara, and to have walked for six hundred miles from the Doob to the Punjab, without a rag of clothing, through snows and storms, is an adventure which very few men could have survived. But the sufferer's comment upon it is about the most quaintly expressed thing we ever read:—

Oh, if his friends in England could have seen him then, they would have stared at him! Naked, like Adam and Eve, and without even an apron of leaves to dress himself with, he continued his journey.

We could quote dozens of sentences equally funny and original. Many of Dr. Wolff's hits will be extremely unpalatable to religious parties at home; but his hardest blows are dealt to the Low Churchmen in general and the Jews' Society in particular. Of the latter body he says—"Wolff calls this a *dirty* trick, and it makes his blood boil." Here he is even-handed—"He at once declares that neither the commentary of Scott nor that of Mant is worth one farthing." Dr. Wolff especially piques himself on the invention of the word "to phantomize," as a substitute for "to spiritualize." Accordingly, he frequently introduces the word, and his editor states in a note that he is proud of saying that "it has been adopted by Charlotte Elizabeth and other English writers." That at least is a classical authority. At New York "a Shaking Quaker called on Wolff, and gave him an idea of his worship by turning himself about. Wolff said, 'Why do you turn about?' *Shaking Quaker*—'Does not the Scripture say 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?' Here is an anecdote of a gipsy:—

Wolff has lately met a gipsy in Buckinghamshire to whom he said, "Look at my hand, and tell me what kind of a man I am." This gipsy examined his hand and said, "You have a wicked heart and wanton eye." So Wolff has never since shown his hand to a gipsy, for he had enough of them on that occasion.

Few people will read this volume without great entertainment, and at least a kindly feeling for the author. It is to be hoped that he will not tax his powers of endurance, great as they are, by another journey to the East, which we observe that he threatens in a letter to a contemporary. He has encountered greater dangers than most living men; and at his present advanced age he may no longer be able to drink "above twenty bottles of ginger-beer" at one time with impunity. We wish him an honoured old age, in which he may fight his battles over again to his heart's content. If his Autobiography does not become "a standard book, like *Robinson Crusoe*," as its editor expects, at least it will have the reward of immediate popularity; and it will never lose its great psychological value as the record of the career of a sincere and single-minded enthusiast.

MR. FROUDE'S EDITION OF THE PILGRIM.*

THIS is a defence of Henry VIII., written by William Thomas, who was Clerk of the Council to King Edward VI., and afterwards took part in Wyatt's conspiracy. Its scarcity has induced Mr. Froude to reprint it. It is in the form of a dialogue, which is supposed to take place in Italy between the author and some Italian gentlemen whom he meets in his travels; but we cannot discover the "internal evidence" which proves, according to Mr. Froude, that it was written on the Continent. The date, 1546, is no doubt that of the time when the author was on his travels, and when the imaginary dialogue is supposed to have been held; but as Edward VI. is spoken of as "the King that now is," the book cannot have been written before his accession, which was in 1547. Mr. Froude coolly introduces his new witness as an "ordinary *unofficial* Englishman." The title of the book is "A Relation of a Conference had between William Thomas, Clerk of the Council to King Edward VI., and Certain Italian Gentlemen in his Travels, touching the Actions of King Henry VIII., entitled Peregrine." It is obvious, also, that a man who took part in Wyatt's conspiracy must have been a strong partisan. It must, therefore, be from that sort of historical insight to which Mr. Froude often tacitly appeals, that he "believes the writer of the *Pilgrim* to represent to us the popular view of the conduct and character of Henry VIII. as received in England at the time of his death."

The book is curious, but it throws no light whatever upon history. It does not contain a single new fact, nor even a new argument of any importance. A great part of it is mere maudering declamation. Its value as an authority may be at once estimated by the following passage touching the affair of Anne of Cleves:—

After her death, the King remained a widower almost two years, till at length, upon agreement, he coupled with the sister of the Duke of Cleves, with whom he continued half a year, until information was brought him that she, the Lady Anne of Cleves, had been troth plight before with the Duke of Lorraine his son. And this report went sore unto the King's heart, who loved this woman out of measure; for why? her personage, her beauty, and gesture, did no less merit it. But when he understood that she was indeed another man's wife, what for his own conscience, and what for respect of the inconvenience that in this case might follow unto his succession, he called his Parliament, where after long reasoning and proof, concluding that the promise made between man and woman is it that maketh the marriage between husband and wife, and not the ceremony of the temple, his Majesty was there openly divorced from her. Howbeit, for the singular love he bare unto her, he offered her liberty to remain in England at his honourable provision, or to return into her country with worthy reward. So that she, electing England's provision, was appointed by his Majesty unto four excellent fair palaces, with all kinds of commodities, and better than 20,000 crowns of yearly revenue; wherein she liveth like a Princess as she is.

Mr. Froude, as an historian, has found a brother in the *Pilgrim*. However, not having had the advantage of this important contemporary testimony respecting the beauty of Anne of Cleves, and the King's passionate devotion to her, when he wrote his history, he is under the necessity of setting his own witness right. "The author of the Dialogue," he says, "goes beyond his knowledge in his account of the Divorce of Anne of Cleves. She was very far from beautiful; the King's distaste for her was from the first emphatic, and the marriage did not go beyond the ceremony." What reason he has for believing that his witness "goes beyond his knowledge" in this particular case, and speaks within it in the others, he does not inform us. The *Pilgrim* also states that the King was actually divorced from Catherine in the Legate's Court. Here, again, Mr. Froude of course has to correct him. We should like to know what reliance is to be placed on the general assertions of a witness who, in the most important and best known matters of fact, makes such blunders, or commits such breaches of veracity as these.

The *Pilgrim* and Mr. Froude are again at fatal issue as to the matter of the debasement of the currency. Mr. Froude, in his History, has pronounced that financial operation to have been "a loan from the Mint," similar in character to the Act for the suspension of cash payments. The *Pilgrim* knew too well what Mr. Froude, who has studied no history but that of the Tudors, did not know—that the debasement of the currency was a piece of roguery commonly practised by the profligate governments of that time. His defence of the transaction, therefore, is of a simpler kind:—

"No," said another of them, "that law is finished. It is true that whilst the English money was better than other money, no man, as you say, could carry it away; but now that the said King, for his own private gain, hath made it worse than any other money, each man may carry away so much as him liketh."

"Why," said I, "can you blame him to take his advantage as all other Princes do? See you not that all the gold and silver is abased in all the new money that is now made anywhere? I suppose he should have been reported a very simple man to have hidden up his fine money for a bait when other men's money decayed; and, as touching the Prince's gain (how well in common I cannot see where any man thereby sustaineth any loss), I think he did better to gain so upon his own money, than, as other Princes do, to borrow so of their private subjects, and never pay."

The *Pilgrim*, let us charitably hope, had forgotten that Henry twice imitated foreign Princes in borrowing of the subject and repudiating the debt, as well as in debasing the coin.

Mr. Froude's book, however, contains, besides this rubbish of

* The *Pilgrim*. A Dialogue on the Life and Actions of King Henry the Eighth. By William Thomas, Clerk of the Council to Edward VI. Edited, with Notes from the Archives at Paris and Brussels, by J. A. Froude, Author of the "History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth." London: Parker, Son, and Bourn. 1861.

the *Pilgrim*, some extracts from the French and Imperial archives, which are of far greater value. Having written a thoroughgoing defence of Henry from that monarch's own State Papers and manifestos, he thought it would be well to see him "in the least favourable aspect;" and with a view to fulfilling, not prematurely, that duty of an historian, he "spent some part of the past summer among the archives of Paris and Brussels." The result is valuable. The Imperial Ambassadors may justly be regarded as prejudiced, but, from the friendly, yet independent relations which subsisted between the English and French Governments, the correspondence of the French Ambassadors is good evidence in every respect. D'Inteville writes as to the feeling of the English people on the divorce of Catherine of Arragon:—

You will be so good as to tell the Most Christian King that the Emperor's ambassador has communicated with the old Queen. The Emperor sends a message to her and to her daughter, that he will not return to Spain till he has seen them restored to their rights.

The people are so much attached to the said ladies that they will rise in rebellion, and join any prince who will undertake their quarrel. You probably know from other quarters the intensity of this feeling. It is shared by all classes, high and low, and penetrates even into the royal household.

The nation is in marvellous discontent. Every one but the relations of the present Queen are indignant on the ladies' account. Some fear the overthrow of religion; others fear war and injury to trade. Up to this time, the cloth, hides, wool, lead, and other merchandize of England have found markets in Flanders, Spain, and Italy; now it is thought navigation will be so dangerous that English merchants must equip their ships for war if they trade to foreign countries; and besides the risk of losing all to the enemy, the expense of the armament will swallow the profit of the voyage. In like manner, the Emperor's subjects and the Pope's subjects will not be able to trade with England. The coasts will be blockaded by the ships of the Emperor and his allies; and at this moment men's fears are aggravated by the unseasonable weather throughout the summer, and the failure of the crops. There is not corn enough for half the ordinary consumption.

The common people, foreseeing these inconveniences, are so violent against the Queen, that they say a thousand shameful things of her, and of all who have supported her in her intrigues. On them is cast the odium of all the calamities anticipated from the war.

When the war comes, no one doubts that the people will rebel as much from fear of the dangers which I have mentioned, as from the love which is felt for the two ladies, and especially for the Princess. She is so entirely beloved that, notwithstanding the law made at the last Parliament, and the menace of death contained in it, they persist in regarding her as Princess. No Parliament, they say, can make her anything but the King's daughter, born in marriage; and so the King and every one else regarded her before that Parliament.

Lately, when she was removed from Greenwich, a vast crowd of women, wives of citizens and others, walked before her at their husbands' desire, weeping and crying that notwithstanding all she was Princess. Some of them were sent to the Tower, but they would not retract.

Will Mr. Froude, after this, revise what he has said in his history as to the King's having been supported, or rather impelled, in the matter of the divorce by the sense of the nation?

In the same letter, D'Inteville deposes to the fatal fact that "the King's regard for the Queen (*Anne Boleyn*) is less than it was, and diminishes every day. *He has a new fancy, as you are aware.*" Will Mr. Froude notice this piece of evidence when he again has occasion to discuss the motives of the King for the execution of *Anne Boleyn*?

The following passage from a despatch of the French Ambassador, Marillac, to Francis I., however, is the one to which we would most particularly call attention:—

You will have heard of the execution of Master Cromwell and Lord Hungerford. Two days after, six more were put to death; three were hanged as traitors, Fetherstone, Abel, and Cook, late Prior of Doncaster, for having spoken in favour of the Pope; three were burnt as heretics, Garret, Jerome, and Dr. Barnes. It was a strange spectacle to see the adherents of two opposite parties die thus on the same day and at the same hour, and it was equally disgraceful to the two divisions of the Government who pretended to have received offence. The scene was as painful as it was monstrous. Both groups of sufferers were obstinate or constant: both alike complained of the mode of sentence under which they were condemned. *They had never been called to answer for their supposed offences; and Christians under grace, they said, were now worse off than Jews under the law. The law would have no man die unless he were first heard in his defence, and Heathen and Christian, sage and emperor, the whole world, except England, observed the same rule.*

Here in England, if two witnesses will swear and affirm before the council that they have heard a man speak against his duty to his King, or, contrary to the articles of religion, that man may be condemned to suffer death, with the pains appointed by the law, although he be absent or ignorant of the charge, and without any other form of proof. Innocence is no safeguard when such an opening is offered to malice or revenge. Corruption or passion may breed false witness; and the good may be sacrificed, and the wicked, who have sworn away their lives, may escape with impunity. There is no security for any man, unless the person accused is brought face to face with the witnesses who depose against him.

Of the iniquity of the system no other evidence is needed than these executions just passed. One who suffered for treason declared that he had never spoken good or bad of the Pope's authority, nor could he tell how he had provoked the King's displeasure, unless it were that ten years ago his opinion was required on the divorce of Queen Catherine, the Emperor's aunt, and he had said he considered her the King's lawful wife. The rest spoke equally firmly and equally simply, and such loud murmurs rose among the people, and their natural disposition to turbulence was so excited, that had there been any one to lead them, they would have broken out into dangerous sedition. Inquiries were made instantly into the origin of the riot. The names of those who have repeated the words of the sufferers have been demanded, and this, I suppose, will be made the occasion of a worse butchery. It is no easy thing to keep a people in revolt against the Holy See and the authority of the Church, and yet free from the infection of the new doctrines—or, on the other hand, if they remain orthodox, to prevent them from looking with attachment to the Papacy. But the Council here will have neither the one nor the other. They will have their ordinances obeyed, however often they change them, and however little the people can comprehend what they are required to believe.

Mr. Froude, as we learn from his preface to this volume, still

labours under a total inability to conceive how courts of justice under the Tudors can have been made instruments of judicial murder when there was no great standing army. Marillac, who had the facts before his eyes, laboured, it seems, under no such inability. If the French Ambassador had foreseen Mr. Froude's history of Henry VIII., and determined to extinguish it, he could not have done so with more cruel effect. His testimony, as given in the foregoing extract, blows the figment to the four winds. It is the severe, but appropriate, punishment of historians who desert the paths of truth for those of paradox, to be compelled to defend the falsehood to which they have committed themselves against the ever-accumulating evidences of the truth. But the period arrives in such controversies when the world is not bound to waste any more time in discussing the political and domestic virtues of a Henry VIII.

A GERMAN DEFENCE OF THE PAPACY.*

ONE of the most ominous signs for the Church of Rome is that the power of judicious lying has gone out from her. Time was when it was no easy matter to establish a case against the Papacy before the public opinion of Europe. Rome used to be able to maintain her own in any kind of warfare to which her adversaries chose to challenge her. She did not dread a battle of argument more than a battle of curses or of blows. It was to little purpose that satirists or reformers denounced to the world some gigantic scandal. She was always ready to throw out a cloud of literary *tirailleurs*, armed to the teeth with false imputations, false apologies, and false statistics, to defend her entrenchments or to cover her retreat. The fraudulent character of their weapons in no way embarrassed them; it neither diminished the skill of their tactics nor their chances of success. In a literary point of view, the Papal apologists of the sixteenth century had not much to fear from a comparison with their opponents. But since then their controversial powers have degenerated very rapidly, and seem now almost to have disappeared. Either the Papacy is much more indefensible than of old, or else, for some unexplained reason, literary power is of a more delicate constitution than it used to be, and cannot flourish now unless it has a certain amount of truth to feed on. It is strange that a cause which has so many devoted supporters in every land should fall so utterly undefended, except by force. Occasions are said to create men. One would have thought that the collapse of the Papacy might have created a pamphleteer. There are still volunteers enough for the forlorn hopes of literature. Men of genius have been found to rehabilitate Cleon, and Tiberius, and Robespierre; but no man of tolerable ability has come forward to rehabilitate the Pope. To men of the stamp of M. de Montalembert, it has seemed to be a more tenable position to maintain that the Pope's subjects ought to be sacrificed to the necessities of Christendom than to maintain that the Papal Government is good. The priestly apologists, on the other hand, such as they are, have shown an instinctive prudence in declining the rugged battlefield of political philosophy. Their *forte* is in the unctuous. Facts may be stubborn, and statistics may be perverse; but they feel they are occupying an impregnable position, when they are describing the number of Pio Nono's prayers, and circumstantially detailing his austerities. One half of those who take the Pope's side talk of his temporal power as a necessary evil, and the other half treat it as the appendage, unimportant and prosaic, of a half-beatified ascetic; so that between the two the cause of the Papal Government may be said to go by default.

A German doctor who comes to the rescue under these circumstances is a controversial treasure. It is impossible not to feel, on opening his book, that the national love of dry research will give something of firm standing-ground to the dispute. An advocate who has no fear of statistics, and no turn for sentiment, is a real satisfaction to a bewildered Englishman. It gives him a feeling of real repose to be respite for a time both from high policy and ecstatic emotions. The book will not disappoint the anticipations of any reader who comes to it with these hopes. It is fiercely Ultramontane, but it is full of patient research; and the readiness with which the author admits facts that are damaging to his own side leaves upon the reader's mind the impression that, though he is perversely blind to the obvious bearing of the facts he has collected, he is incapable of wilfully falsifying or suppressing them. This is great praise to give to a Roman controversialist; but it makes him a very inefficient advocate. His rigid truth and his crooked reasonings, standing side by side, give very odd results. The effect is, that he is perpetually answering himself, and that his enthusiastic generalizations are usually contradicted by the particulars he states in proof of them. He always begins with some general propositions of a ferociously Ultramontane hue, and then proceeds to illustrate them by a laborious collection of facts, many of which tell very strongly in the opposite direction. In fact, the book furnishes an admirable repertory of declamation for the Romanist and of facts for the Liberal. He denounces, for instance, with many epithets of scorn, the calumniators who have said that reform is odious to the clerical government, and then proceeds to tell us that "Gregory XVI. and his Secretaries of State, Lambruschini and Bernetti, started from the maxim of

* *Der Kirchenstaat seit der Französischen Revolution.* Von Dr. J. Hergenröther. Freiburg-in-Breisgau: Heider. 1860.

making no kind of concession to Liberalism." He goes on to detail the very liberal institutions which the present Pope granted to his municipalities; and though the concessions are not very ample, and are fenced by Governmental vetoes at every stage, yet they are sufficient to make the reader think that the Pope has been a little hastily condemned. But then, when the author has finished his account of these liberal concessions which were made in 1850, he naively adds that owing to the wickedness of political passions and Piedmontese machinations, they have never been put in force. Then he comes to finance. He admits that the enormous debt has been a terrible difficulty; and he proceeds to excuse it in a tone for which his Roman clients will not be very much obliged to him:—

But whoever considers what large sums the Popes spent on the Church at large, how they were obliged to maintain their agents for governing the Church out of the revenues of their State, how they always cherished hopes that the contributions of the Catholic world would some day increase again, what influence was exercised on them by the theories which belonged not only to them, but to their whole age, what a difficult position even the thriftiest among them often occupied, especially when a Pontificate had preceded which had been used for enriching the Pontiff's own family, how difficult it was for them to abandon courses once adopted, and to withdraw themselves from the overweening influence of the great merchants' houses, what a temptation for the Roman financiers lay in the great credit which, in the seventeenth century, the Papal Government still enjoyed . . . whoever considers all this will find the very unpleasant state of the case more easily conceivable.

Very conceivable, indeed—quite as conceivable as the causes which brought the Regent Orleans into financial difficulties; but it is a quaint sort of defence. The Papal Government—so runs the plea—is in debt because it has been either incompetent or corrupt, or because it has spent the country's money for purposes with which the country had no concern. Dr. Hergenröther must be a lineal descendant of Mrs. Candour. He goes on to eulogize the more recent conduct of the Papal finance. He boasts that "the revenues which in 1815 only amounted to seven million, have already risen to fourteen million, without any important increase of burden upon the subject." Prosperity Robinson himself could not have given a more roseate picture of the success of a financial policy. Unfortunately, when, with his usual candour, he proceeds to give the particulars out of which this brilliant generalization has been constructed, it appears that the taxes were eleven francs per head on the population, and now come to twenty-one. Of course, what is and what is not to be called an important increase of burden is very much a matter of taste. From finance we pass to the administration of justice. He observes with great truth that there are few parts of the Papal Government which have been more roundly abused. Accordingly, having enumerated the charges, he enters into an apology of very considerable length. As usual, he inverts the part of Balaam the son of Beor, and having been brought to bless the Pope, he curses him altogether. The practice of employing spiritual judges to decide questions of law, and to dispose of life and property, is justly looked upon as one of the gravest charges against the judicial system of the Papacy. By way of refuting it, the Doctor gives a sketch of that judicial system, from which it appears that the highest civil Court of Appeal for all the States of the Church is, or rather was, a Board of twelve spiritual judges; that the criminal courts in Rome are under the presidency of prelates; that the Sacra Consulta is the highest criminal Court of Appeal; and that the spiritual judges have the exclusive jurisdiction over all cases of heresy and blasphemy. Another charge is, that, till very recently, judicial and administrative functions were in the same hands. The Doctor replies to it with the cogent argument that it is not long since the same practice was abolished in Austria and Bavaria. Then it is said that the Papal Government is cruel. Look, says the author, at the amnesties it has granted. Not to mention the amnesty of 1831, from which only thirty-eight persons were excluded, there was the amnesty of 1849, from which only 464 persons were excluded. If these are liberal amnesties, we should like to know what a restricted amnesty is like. It is presumable that when a Government takes the trouble to grant an amnesty, it includes a very much larger number than it excludes. It follows, therefore, that if the Papal laws had followed their ordinary course, the criminals punished would have amounted to very far more than twice 464. The Doctor, however, is of opinion that the Papal system of justice is peculiarly successful, and he proves it by the ordinary device of comparing the criminal statistics of the Papal States with the criminal statistics of England. We should have thought this kind of argument was too thoroughly exploded even for the purposes of an Ultramontane. Most people have found out by this time that the activity of the police, and the assistance they receive from the community, have quite as much to do with swelling the statistics of crime as the immorality of the population. If the Doctor ever recreates himself with the domestic pastime of mouse-catching, he will find that the result is materially affected by the number of mouse-traps he employs. If the number of criminals caught is to be an absolute test of crime, Tipperary must enjoy an Utopian freedom from murderers, for we can hardly ever catch any, and Kansas must be one of the most orderly and peaceful regions on the earth. But the Doctor is not afraid of a bold line of reasoning. With the Mortara case still ringing in the ears of Europe, it required some little courage to say:—

Moreover, the Popes have always respected the rights of parents in regard to the education of their children, the choice of their teachers, and the time

of commencing their education, with a scrupulousness which may almost be called exaggerated.

But even if the institutions of the Papal Government were as good as, by the Doctor's own showing, they are bad, it would not stand thereby acquitted of the charges brought against it. It is the institutions as they are carried out in practice, and not the institutions that exist on paper, which practically interest the subjects of the Pope. In the absence of a free press and a free Parliament, there is only one test by which their practical working can be tried, and that is by the contentment of the people. In days when public opinion is of importance even to a despotism, nothing is easier, and nothing is more common, than to provide institutions which, so far as they go, are faultless on paper, but which, as far as the actual experience of the citizens is concerned, never travel beyond the paper on which they are written. Naples, and in a less degree Prussia, are recent instances. In both countries the police tyranny of Stieber and of Ajossa were respectively carried on in defiance of the law. At the time that Mr. Gladstone was writing his celebrated letters, Naples possessed an admirable Constitution. The ease with which both the Neapolitan and the Papal tyrannies have been overthrown, except where they have been upheld by the French Emperor, is a sufficient proof that whatever benefits their institutions professed to confer did not actually reach the people.

EVAN HARRINGTON.*

WHO would have thought that a really good novel could have been written on so very unpromising a subject as the history of a tailor who was mistaken for a gentleman? *Evan Harrington* is a surprisingly good novel; for we are almost incredulous of our own admiration until the story has fairly carried us away with it, and then we own that there can be no doubt about its power to interest us. At first, it seems like trifling with readers that a novelist should take for his theme a subject so exactly appropriate to a farce. We resign ourselves to a pleasant writer, and say that if Mr. Meredith chooses to write such a book we like to read it, but that it is a pity he is not working a more promising field. When we have finished, we look back as on a story new in conception, new in the study of character, fresh, odd, a little extravagant, but noble and original. Hackneyed novel readers must own that here they have the luxury of a novelty offered them. The tailor is a gentleman by education, in thought, and in every act. Half against his will he is taken for a member of a well-known family bearing the same name, and he is welcomed to the house of a baronet, and to the heart of the baronet's daughter. The young people love each other, and the tailor wins the lady in the character of a gentleman. Rose's maid kindly informs him how her young mistress shuddered when she repeated to herself the awful word "snip," which some malignant who suspected the truth had suggested with respect to her lover. But whenever honesty distinctly bids him to own he is a tailor, he does so; and after he has been led by passion to avow his love he summons up all his courage, and tells Rose that he is the snip she detests. She is all frankness, loyalty, and enthusiasm, vows she will never desert him, goes straight to her father and mother and avows to them that a tailor is to be their son-in-law. It is hard to fancy the situation in real life, but no one can say that it is impossible; and directly we have become familiarized with the thought, an author who seizes on it has a vast range of feeling to work upon in order to win our attention. Mr. Meredith has made the discovery that if the farcical side of life is taken seriously, it is full of fine tragedy and comedy. This may almost be called a discovery, for even if every one would have previously acknowledged its truth, no one had made a romance out of his perception of it. A shy honest man is contrasted and coupled with a frank, dashing, honest girl, and they are separated by tailordom. There is no end to the struggles of passion and principle that this opening may not lead to. Very judiciously, Mr. Meredith makes the tailor's love triumphant early in the story. He is not kept low too long. He is soon ennobled by the love bestowed on him by a heroine who deserves to be a heroine. The mental difficulties and social struggles of a couple advanced thus far give much more room for subtle delineation and for highly-strung feeling than if the tailor were only emancipated at the end of the story from his goose and cabbage. *Evan Harrington* has the great merit of increasing as it goes on in interest. The tailor becomes nobler and better. The heroine passes through her little troubles in a way that makes us sometimes pity her and sometimes admire her. The story has, of course, its defects. It pays the penalty of originality. Tailordom in the clouds is a novelty; but we have a little too much of tailordom in the clouds. A novelty must in these latter days of writing be something special, singular, and probably minute. If the writer passes into the general current of life, he has been anticipated. This tailor-gentleman is something out of the way, and all society is made to sweep rather exclusively round the one central figure of an ambiguous snip. This is the inevitable drawback the author has had to pay for the choice of his subject, and in spite of the drawback his choice has turned out wonderfully successful.

* *Evan Harrington*. By George Meredith. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1861.

There are three things which a writer who wants to produce a good novel must hit upon. He brings with him, we will suppose, a fine style and an abundance of philosophical remarks, which he can pour over any subject; but in the subject he selects he must offer us, first, a good plot; secondly, one or more striking, new, and fully-described chief characters; and thirdly, a good group of those minor personages who are the Gibeonites of the leading performers, and draw water and hew wood as they are wanted. Mr. Meredith has got a new plot, and a good hero and heroine, who are, as it were, part of the plot; for the whole story turns on the feelings of a particular sort of tailor and a particular sort of tailor's betrothed. And he has also got a prominent character to help the plot on, and to put the hero and heroine in and out of their troubles; and this prominent character is so well drawn as to raise Mr. Meredith to a very considerable height in the list of novel writers. This person is a sister of the tailor, and by a skilful manoeuvre she has managed to marry a penniless Portuguese Count. The one dream of the Countess's life is to marry her brother to an heiress, and her greatest personal ambition is to conceal for ever that she is the daughter and sister of a tailor. She goes with the tailor-hero to the Baronet's house, and there spins her plots, brings all the men to her feet, quarrels with the women, and so manages by a mixture of flattery, courting, lies, and threats, that even old acquaintances who knew her in her unfledged days dare not say to each other that this magnificent and fascinating Countess de Saldar de Sancerro is the tailor's daughter they once flirted with. The one inherent fault of the book naturally casts its shade over the Countess. All this struggle to avoid the exposure of tailordom is petty and monotonous in itself, and is only raised by the noble traits of character it awakens in Rose and her snip. The Countess is amusing from the first, but the amusement she provides us with is that of a good farce, until she begins to borrow a dignity from the elevation of the persons whose fortunes she affects. But if we take her as she is meant to be—if we once accept this horror of tailordom as capable of awakening profound emotions—she is admirable. There are touches in her portrait that are masterly. She mixes up with her detestably mean stratagems a strange recognition of the claims of Providence which is irresistibly comic; and the affectation of foreign habits, manners, and opinions which she puts before her as a shield and an attraction is so natural that it seems as if we must have been reading about a real person. If any one wants to gain a notion of the trouble and contrivance it takes to write a good novel, let him ask himself how far he would be capable of devising a series of stratagems by which a foreign-er Countess should bring together or separate a tailor and a young lady.

The minor characters belong to a lower walk of art. They are not bad or good. Many men and women could have struck them off; and not a few of them are familiar friends in the world of farces. The rapid young gentleman, shunning care, quoting scraps of poetry, and finally marrying a lady's-maid; the eccentric bachelor, as whimsical as he is rich; the drawing, offensive, hard lording, have long been "household words" on the comic stage. It is indeed very difficult to draw a minor character with sufficient distinctness, unless by giving it certain very marked peculiarities. These may be the peculiarities of a class, and then we have the usual pert lady's-maid, roguish valet, eccentric uncle, and so forth. Or the peculiarities may be merely the accidental signs of an individual, and then we have Mr. Carker with his teeth, and persons of a similar stamp. Mr. Meredith tries hard to keep his minor characters out of these fixed and unnatural forms, and he succeeds so far that the characters he chooses to assign them tell upon the action of the story, and do not merely grow beside it. There is also a mode of constructing minor characters, which Mr. Meredith adopts with some success. It is that of making them studies of moral development under peculiar circumstances. Thus, for example, there is a second young lady in love with the tailor. She is a sickly fright, diseased in body and mind. But she fixes her affections on the tailor, and is ready to die when he will not have her. The truth which she has more particularly the honour of illustrating is that a young lady so formed in body and soul would be especially captivated with the externals of a lover. She adores the build, the look, the hair, and eyes of the tailor, and is indifferent to his loyalty and generosity. She thus acts as a foil, and brings to light the more elevated tastes of the heroine. We are quite ready to allow, as we read the story of this poor creature's sorrows, that Mr. Meredith may very likely be right, and that Juliana loves the sort of qualities in a man which a sickly fright would be likely to love. When we have once acknowledged this, we cannot avoid seeing that, although she is not very pleasant to read about, she lends at once plausibility and interest to the story.

It is very difficult to measure the kind of praise which such a book as *Evan Harrington* ought to receive; and yet criticism ought to be able to offer some scale by which praise is to be regulated. Readers naturally ask themselves what is the merit that is really meant to be attributed to a book which they are advised to read. We cannot fix the position of every good book, but still we may approximate to doing so. Every now and then there is published a work, like *Emond*, or *Adam Bede*, or *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which is clearly first-rate, which becomes at once part of English literature, and helps to form the thought and style of a generation. On the other hand, there are every

season published not only heaps of trashy stories, but a fair supply of readable, meritorious, creditable novels. Further, there are every year, or almost every year, published four or five really good novels, powerful in their way, new, or rather new, capable of making an impression and of suggesting thought. Such works do not generally raise an expectation that they will be handed down to any very late date; but as they pass away, we feel that they are some of the best things that we reject and let float at once down the stream. Some of them may survive, for the judgment of contemporaries has often been reversed, and another generation may think even more of them than we do. But usually the contemporaries are right, and in the abundance of romances it is best they should be forgotten after they have given delight for a short time. To this class *Evan Harrington* seems to us to belong. It is not a great work, but it is a remarkable one, and deserves a front place in the literature that is ranked as avowedly not destined to endure.

GOG AND MAGOG.*

THE title of this small book alarmed us not a little. Our first impression was that we had laid hold of a production of Dr. Cumming or Dr. Guthrie. Gog and Magog! what might not be coming? We thought of "the army and malice of Gog," of the "chief Prince of Mesech and Tubal," and how Gog, and Magog also, are some day or other to come up yet again from the four corners of the earth. What if they should be already on the road, to take their part in the "coming struggle?" And who may they be? Are they native or foreign? Are they Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Bright, the Emperor of Russia and the Grand Turk? Or, considering the Mongolian character they seem to bear, what if the field of Armageddon should be removed to the banks of the Peiho? What if the Spiritual and Temporal Emperors of Japan should turn out to be the Beast and the False Prophet? Previous expositors have prepared us for anything. The time of legal memory goes back only to the crusade of King Richard. But, at the beginning of legal memory, the schools of the prophets produced just as much folly as they do now, and no more. The lion-hearted King, while on his journey, fell in with a holy hermit—a Cumming of those days—who told him many curious particulars about Saladin, drawn from the very stores which in later times have done such service against Louis XIV., Napoleon Bonaparte, or whoever might be the bugbear of the moment. We took up the little book fully prepared to see, before the week was out, the whole host of Gog and Magog bivouacking either on Salisbury Plain or in Trafalgar-square.

Our fears, however, were quite needless. Had Mr. Fairholt only put his name outside, we might have been spared them altogether. His little book is an amusing account enough of the, now at least, quite harmless Gog and Magog of Guildhall, and other "Civic Giants" of the same breed, with hardly any reference to the more terrible Gog and Magog whose visit the world has yet to expect. Gog and Magog in Guildhall are only specimens of a class. Each of the old commercial cities seems to have had its giant—sometimes its family of giants—whose figures were paraded on popular festivals, and were looked on by the popular mind with a sort of deep personal affection. Of course the grand specimens are to be found in the cities of Flanders and Brabant. Antigonus of Antwerp is rather too fine for us; he was designed by Charles the Fifth's painter, and has altogether too Roman a look. Besides, what does a King of Macedonia want at Antwerp? Lyderic of Lille, Goliath of—not Gath, but—Ath, Gayant of Douai, and the Tailor's Giant of Salisbury, are much more like what a giant should be. They are, moreover, much more lively, for while Antigonus sits on his throne and is drawn about by horses, the rest are able to walk of themselves through the streets of their native cities. To be sure this involves a somewhat unheroic guise for their lower portions; for they all have petticoats from the waist downwards in order "to conceal the men within who move the figure." Goliath has a wife almost as tall as himself, and very handsomely dressed to boot. Unluckily, however, he has no children, which we are surprised at, as from the Books of Samuel his family appears to have been rather large in both senses. Gayant of Douai, also called Jehan Gelon, is a noble fellow. Save for his petticoats, he might pass for a microscopic portrait of Francis I. with an enormous tilting spear. He is, unlike Goliath, the head of a family party consisting of "his spouse, named Marie Cagenon—a young male giant, his son, called M. Jacquot—a young giantess, his daughter, called Mademoiselle Filion—and a young infant called *Bibin, ce tiot tournoi*, which is explained to be "a surname of affection given him by the people by reason of his age and his eyes badly turned." He is only eight feet high, and carries toys fit for such a Brobdignagian baby.

All these giants, and many more, seem to be everywhere intense popular favourites connected with local legends, and celebrated in local rhymes. "Grandpapa," "mamma," &c., are among the endearing titles bestowed on them. Some of these popular songs are not without a philological interest; we give a specimen of the whole thing from Mr. Fairholt's note on the Dragon of Mons:—

The festival at Mons was really founded in memory of the relief of the inhabitants from a great pest (*peste noire*), which ravaged the country in

* *Gog and Magog*. By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. London: Hotten.

1348. Now, as it was common in all processions of the epoch to represent the evil principle under the form of a dragon of osier, he appeared with St. George, whose victim he became after a fight in the great square. St. George had upon the arçon of his saddle a small figure of faith—the *poupée* of the popular song; for which the representation of the Virgin and child has since been substituted—*l'mama* of the same verses. The *Doudou* is the name given to the dragon; and the following are the words of *L'ancien Noël du Doudou*, as these popular rhymes are termed by M. Delmotte:—

LE DOU-DOU.

Nos irons vir l'ear d'or
A l'procession de Mon;
Ce s'ra l'poupée Saint George,
Qui no' suivra de long;
C'est l'doudou, c'est l'mama,
C'est l'poupée, poupée, poupée;
C'est l'doudou, c'est l'mama,
C'est l'poupée Saint George qui va,
Le gins du rempart riront com' des kiards,
De vir tant de carottes,
Le gins du culot riront com' de sots,
De vir tant de carot' à leu' pots.

The enthusiasm at Mons on these feast-days is universal, and is best described in the lively words of the French author:—"Que lorsque les premières notes du Doudou se font entendre sur le carillon pendant la fête, la figure des habitants de Mons rayonne de joie; tout le monde chante ou danse cet air chéri; des exclamations presque frénétiques s'échappant au milieu des éclats de rire, des gambades; quand on se rencontre on se donne la main, on invite même les étrangers à manger de la tarte, du jambon, etc.; c'est un délire universel. Cet air est aussi célèbre à Mons que le fameux air de *Goyant à Douai*."

We, in England, are supposed to be too wise or too grave for such things. The Lord Mayor's Show is, for aught we know, doomed altogether, and it is a long time since Gog and Magog have formed a part of it. Only once have they walked during her present Majesty's reign, and then they were only copies fourteen feet high, and moved with the help of only one man in each. The Tailor's Giant of Salisbury walks no longer, but he seems still to exist, and to carry a goodly pipe in his mouth, in defiance of the Dean of Carlisle.

Gog and Magog, according to Mr. Fairholt, are wrongly named. They should be Gogmagog and Corineus. Indeed, even the form Gogmagog is a later corruption. In Geoffrey of Monmouth he figures as Goemagot, and in some other versions as Goemagog. Probably the authors of the figures were not thinking of the scriptural Gog and Magog at all. The exploits of Corineus and his overthrow of Goemagot are given at length by Geoffrey in his first book. Corineus is a Trojan, a companion of Brutus, Goemagot is a tall giant of Albion. Perhaps Mr. Basil Jones might claim him as a vestige of the Gael, or M. Worsae assign to him the yet more primeval antiquity of an Allophylian. He was one of a large band, but was less than we should have thought. As Geoffrey says, "Erat ibi inter ceteros detestabilis quidam nomine Goemagot stature duodecim cubitorum, qui tanti roboris existens quereum semel eam excutens tanquam virgulam coryli evelebat." The other giants were killed, but Goemagot being taken prisoner, was saved by Brutus to wrestle with Corineus, and was by him hurled into the sea. So far Bishop Geoffrey of St. Asaph. Mr. Fairholt, in his text, quotes the tale from much more recent writers; it is only in his Appendix that he sends us to the original Geoffrey, whose book he truly enough calls an "absurd collection of fanciful tales." Doubtless this story is absurd enough, but Geoffrey's whole work is something more than such an absurd collection. To be sure he is hardly to be picked out, as he is by the omniscience of Mr. Buckle, as the type of a mediæval historian, in order to throw discredit on a class of men who doubtless knew nothing of oxygen or objectivity, but who could number among them such names as Matthew Paris and Lambert of Herzfeld. Dr. Guest has shown that among the fables of Geoffrey large portions of the real history of comparatively recent times are strangely embedded, of course in a distorted form, and thrown back into mythical ages.

We have to thank Mr. Fairholt for a little book which has given us an hour of genuine amusement—and, indeed, of something more. By way of gratitude, we will give him a piece of advice—which is, not to talk again of "*succumbing* to Dr. Johnson, &c., in attachment to the great capital of which he is a native." Teutonic ears might perhaps just bear to be told that Goemagot *succumbed* to the greater strength of Corineus; but fancy "*succumbing* in attachment!" We really never saw what we may call the *allude-to-individual* style carried further.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE third and concluding volume of Von Sybel's *History of the French Revolution** shows no falling off either in the value of the material or the beauty of the style. As before, the two chief characteristics of the book are the peculiar fulness with which he dwells on the position of the rest of Europe during the period of the French convulsions, and the efforts which he makes to collect the materials for a statistical appreciation of the condition of France at each successive stage of anarchy. Most historians have tried to convey an idea of the state of things by dint of anecdotes. They have devoted their attention to the representation of individual cases of suffering or guilt. This plan un-

doubtedly produces a deep impression on the reader's mind, and gives to the history of a stirring period like the French Revolution very much the interest of a novel. But it does not convey anything like an idea of the effects produced on the mass of the population. Historians have dwelt so much on the massacres of Paris and Nantes, of Arras and Lyons, that they are apt to leave a half-conscious impression that the miseries caused by the Revolution were confined to such terrible instances. Von Sybel goes to work less in the spirit of a dramatist, and more in the spirit of the Registrar-General. So far as the records of an era of confusion enable him to do so, he tries to give a numerical expression to the misery which anarchy, famine, and the universal stoppage of industry and disappearance of capital had brought upon all men, high and low, in every nook and corner of the land. Yet this peculiar attention to statistical results does not exclude the dramatic element of his history. Often as those eventful hours have been painted, it will be difficult to find a more striking narrative of the two days that preceded the ninth of Thermidor than is contained in this volume. There is an ease and flow in the style which a German cultivates with difficulty; and yet there is all the massiveness and concentration which is the special merit of German writing. There is one charm in him rare in the industrious writers of the present day—that he has been able to muster interest enough in his subject for deep and hearty research, without being stimulated thereto by the desire to establish any paradox. He is laborious without being eccentric. He does not think with Sir Archibald Alison on the one side, or M. Louis Blanc on the other, but he agrees with the vast majority of thinkers who lie between those antipodean regions. Perhaps it is a reaction against M. Louis Blanc's extravagances that has led him to take a view of Robespierre's character at variance with that which has gained ground in recent years. The popular view has lately come to be that Robespierre, though undoubtedly both bloodthirsty and fanatical, still does not deserve to be placed on the same level of infamy as some of his colleagues, such as Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois. Even Lord Macaulay, in the Essay on Barère, has given his sanction to the semi-acquittal of Robespierre. This idea rests on the fact that he was very seldom present at the sittings of the Committee of Public Salvation during the last six weeks of its existence, when its proceedings were the most murderous, and when more heads fell under the guillotine than had fallen in Paris during the whole period of the Revolution up to that time. But Von Sybel points out that, in the partition of functions which the Committee found it necessary to make, the Police and Administration of Justice fell to the share of Robespierre, and that all the terrible lists of arrests sanctioned by the Committee were drawn up by him, and passed through his hands a second time before they were put into execution. Some of the financial results of the Reign of Terror are very curious. The War Department, and the purchase of foreign grain for distribution, cost more annually to France than Napoleon ever raised for the whole of his government in any single year. The other branches of the administration were not more economical. Von Sybel calculates that in the height of the Terror, a quarter of the male population of France were paid servants of the State. The Revolutionary Committees alone, who were by law entitled to a salary of three francs a day per man, numbered more than half a million. For his account of the external policy of France, and of the rest of the Continental Powers, the author has enjoyed peculiar advantages, in consequence of the recent opening of the Prussian archives to the public. This volume contains an announcement that he has in contemplation the continuation of his history to the year 1800; and that the first volume of the new work will appear in the autumn of 1862.

If a foil were wanted to the clearness and elegance of Von Sybel's writing, it would be found in the *Greek History* of Dr. Fridergar Mone.* It is very difficult to give an idea of the combined learning and eccentricity of this extraordinary performance. It is not so much a history as an analysis of history on philosophical principles; and it is clothed in all the grandiose and mystic language which only German philosophy can supply. It reads more like the performance of some old alchemist, who writes under fear of being burned if his meaning should be penetrated by the uninitiated, than of a modern Professor who is at perfect liberty to be intelligible if he can. A few of the more than *sesquipedalia verba* with which the Professor heads the sections of his work will give an idea of its metaphysical profundity. We translate with servile literality. Any attempt to paraphrase the long words involves the preliminary achievement of understanding them:—

1. The Finance-State in the second stage among the West Hellenes. 2. The Assimilation-Law of the State-forms. 3. The Laws of the Populationistic in the Finance-State. 4. Laws of the inner Socialistic in the Finance-State.

But if any one of capacious mind should think the above headings easy of digestion, we invite him to exercise his powers on the following paragraph. It is part of the chapter on the Laws of the inner Socialistic in the Finance-State:—

That rank, or that class of Society or the Individual, which performs a social labour, is rewarded by the totality of the Society. The reward is honour and authority—that is to say, nobility. According to this maxim

* *Geschichte der Revolutionszeit von 1789 bis 1795*. Von H. von Sybel. Dritter Band. Düsseldorf: Buddeus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

* *Griechische Geschichte*. Von Fridergar Mone. Berlin: Heinicke. 1860.

virtus nobilitat, one must seek to answer the questions:—1. What was the social labour in the three forms of society among the Greeks? What was the nature of their reward? I will try to make these three maxims evident by an example. Supposing that in the year 490 War-service (m) was the social labour of Attic society, and supposing the historical nobility (e) were the class who before this date had exclusively performed this labour, then $\frac{m}{e}$ would be the formula for the Society; but when in 490 the Burgher-class (p) took part in the social labour, then $\frac{m}{op}$ would be the formula for the society. This formula introduced the creation of nobility among the Burghers, p became=e, because they both performed the same labour m. The difficulty of this analysis lies in properly fixing the social labour of the society and the State.

This application of Algebra to politics assumes the dignity of a new science. It is much to be hoped that it will be developed. It will be a golden age of repose for journalists when a Ministerial statement can be expressed in a formula, and a debate published in the form of an equation.

*The Course of the World's Trade** has the merit of being equally learned with the work just noticed, and very much more intelligible. It is an application of political economy to history. For some reason or other, it is not very common to find great proficiency in these two sciences in the same person, and the consequence is that the one has not been used to throw light upon the other to the extent which the intimate relation of the two deserves. The annals of commerce are, in truth, much more the business of history than the annals of dynasties; for wherever the stream of commerce that took its origin in the East forced its way, in however small a rill, a growth of civilization sprung up along its course. The author carries back the fountain-head of commerce—he would be no true German if he did not—to the energy of the Arian shepherds of Bactria, and the wealth of India. India contained on her own soil everything that a primitive race could desire—fruits, cattle, metals, fibres. There were only two things she had not, and those were gold and silver. The very want of them soon bred an inordinate desire for them, and enormous values of Indian products were given to the nomad tribes who dug gold and silver out of the northern slopes of the Hindoo Koosh. So it came about that the custom was established, which has become a second nature with civilized mankind, of measuring the value of all exchangeable articles in quantities of gold and silver. For this has been no instinctive or universal practice of the human race. From the coral of Tartary to the cowry of Guinea, every kind of merchandize has served among primitive races for a circulating medium. That gold and silver have driven all their competitors out of the field is due partly to their intrinsic fitness for this use, but still more, our author thinks, to the accident of their having been the first articles of import into the land where the commerce of the world originated. Soon the search for the precious metals was carried further, and a trade sprang up between India and the Coast of Africa. The gainfulness of trade once ascertained by experience, it soon assumed a more general character, and pushed its way along the water-ways of the earth. Up the Red Sea and across the Isthmus, up the Persian Gulf and the Euphrates and across Syria, it reached the Mediterranean and spread along all its coasts. Wherever it passed it created a civilization and has left a history. First, the greatness of Egypt, Babylon, and Phœnicia—later on, that of Greece, Carthage, and Rome—marked its fertilizing progress. When the Arab invasion closed the old passages to Eastern commerce, the civilization of Europe receded for a time, and did not recover itself till new and more Northerly channels had been opened. It was the Indian trade creeping up the Danube that revived the failing culture of Central Europe during the reigns of the later Carolingians; and it was the Indian trade making its way by Kiev and Novgorod that gave their earliest spring of prosperity to the Hanse Towns. The book in which these views are unfolded is full of original thought, as well as of research; and as the above specimens sufficiently indicate, where research fails, there is no lack of imagination to fill up the gaps. One of the most curious peculiarities in the author's theory is the very prominent part in history he is always inclined to assign to the Jews. Sidonia himself, dwelling on the musical and operatic glories of his race, could hardly be more enthusiastic. Their immigration into the great towns on the Rhine before the Christian era was the first thing that introduced the Germanic barbarians to civilization. It was their indignation at the treatment they suffered under their Gothic masters that helped the Arabs to overrun Spain; and it was their resentment against similar tyranny that introduced the Normans into France. Even Christianity, he hints, was only the expression of a growing feeling in the Jewish nation that the dispersion of Jews in all parts of the world required a denationalized religion.

The other works of an historical character that we have before us are of no great importance. Voigt's *History of Prussia*† is a compact, well-written schoolbook. It is not quite colourless, but takes in general a patriotic, and, in reference to the great war, a liberal tone—guarding itself, however, in general from strong sentiments. He praises Blucher and abuses Haugwitz—two sentiments which are always safe; but touching Stein he maintains a discreet reserve. Thorny questions in general are

avoided by bringing the history to a close with the death of Frederick William the Third.

M. Egidi's *History of the Vienna Conferences of 1820** has as yet reached no further than the preliminary volume of documents. It is a collection of the protocols by which the assembled Powers of Germany gave the finishing touch to that exquisite work of art, the German Bund. Protocols are never lively reading, and as the German Powers are rarely squeamish as to forms in their dealings with the impalpable and shadowy Bund, these papers are not a very profitable study. Most people who purchase them will probably do so for the sake of the history and commentary which M. Egidi promises in the next volume, and which will, no doubt, be spirited enough.

Among pamphlets, the proceedings of the German Evangelical Church Convention† is interesting, as exhibiting Evangelicism in a less imprecatory and more amiable form than we are accustomed to see it among ourselves. There is a great deal of speechifying upon doctrinal subjects, which must have tried the patience of those members who did not speak, very severely. Making a clergyman listen to a succession of other people's sermons is a cruel adaptation of the judgment of Phalaris. Besides the sermons there was a certain amount of discussion on practical work and practical difficulties. Vice is very cosmopolitan, and the jeremiads have a grievous similarity to our own. Brandy appears to be the German substitute for gin, and to be not less potent as a demoralizer. Like the priests in Canada, the Evangelical clergy give in their adhesion to the temperance movement without any hesitation; but then it is a temperance movement which only proscribes spirituous liquors, and not Rhine wine or Bavarian beer. Like most Continentals in a difficulty, they seem inclined to invoke the aid of Government in the matter. They give a hearty support to Reformatories and Penitentiaries, and express a hope that mistresses will take Magdalens into their service; which implies a high estimate of the courage of the German Hausfrau. One disgrace against which they earnestly protest is peculiar now to themselves—the licensed gambling-houses. Nothing shows so strongly the weakness of public opinion in Germany as the vitality of this detestable abuse. Some resolutions that were passed on the subject of Church building curiously brings out the different developments of Protestantism in England and Germany. What would our English Evangelicals say if their representatives were to vote that the altar ought always to be raised, and that a crucifix, even in Calvinist churches, was a desirable decoration?

M. Gregorovius has turned to account the travels which he was forced to undertake in Italy for the purpose of completing his history of the City of Rome, by publishing a very reasonable narrative of "Wanderings."‡ It is easily and pleasantly written, and includes an account of Naples, Palermo, Syracuse, and Agrigentum. Naturally, the subjects which were uppermost in the author's mind occupy the most prominent place in his narrative. It is the work of an historian's leisure moments, and a good deal of it only differs from a history in that it is arranged geographically instead of chronologically. Almost his whole attention was directed to historical associations and remains. With the exception of an appendix specially devoted to recent history, there is very little politics, and still less observation of life and manners. The author is a great admirer of scenery, and always feels what is proper in presence of a grand view—expressing no little contempt for a French naturalist who turned away from a view of the Bay of Naples to run after a rare butterfly. A scrupulous register of his feelings at each point of his journey is the specific character by which the works of a German traveller may be known; and the writer before us does not depart from the rule. If it were written in English, we should call some parts of the book a little egotistical; but as it is, we have no right to apply any other epithet than the all-excusing "genial."

Römische Ritornelle§ is a collection of Italian distiches, or rather tritiches, which are sung by the common people in the streets of Rome. They consist of three lines—the first generally containing an invocation to some flower; the other two usually, but not always, an amorous sentiment or petition. Goethe has left on record that he thought them an intolerable scream. M. Blessig is of the contrary opinion, and has collected some four hundred of them, with a preface. To judge from the melody which he prints at the end, we should be inclined to agree with Goethe. M. Blessig promises a further batch of native compositions under the names of Ottave, Tarantelle, and Canzonette.

M. Paul Heyse|| has published a volume of translations of Italian songs, and of the Roman Ritornelle among them. The

* *Die Schluss-Acte der Wiener Ministerial-Conferenzen zur Ausbildung und Befestigung des Deutschen Bundes.* Von L. A. Egidi. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Die Verhandlungen des elften Deutschen Evangelischen Kirchentages, zu Barmen im Sept. 1860.* Berlin: Herz. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

‡ *Siciliana. Wanderungen in Neapel und Sicilien.* Von Ferdinand Gregorovius. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

§ *Römische Ritornelle.* Gesammelt von C. Blessig. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

|| *Italianisches Liederbuch.* Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Herz. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

* *Der Gang des Welthandels, und die Entwicklung des Europäischen Volkslebens im Mittel Alter.* Von Wilhelm Kieselbach. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams and Norgate. 1860.

† *Geschichte des Brandenburgisch-preussischen Staates.* Von F. Voigt. Berlin: Dümmler. 1860.

